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THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.—ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE LAAGER, BULUWAYO: MOONLIGHT.

From a Sketch by Mr. David Powell.

Our Illustration shows the manner in which the defenders of Buluwayo passed the night while expecting attack. On the left are the Market Buildings, in which the women and children were sheltered.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is curious that the cipher telegrams the key of which is alleged to have been found in Dr. Jameson's travelling-bag should have been of so simple a character. Considering their great importance, and that the senders had an unlimited command of money, one would think their meaning might have been better concealed. On the other hand, it is possible that in South Africa there are no professors of the cryptic art. In ordinary cases, as that great authority on such matters, Mr. Babbage, remarks, it is of more consequence to have a cipher that can be quickly written and quickly read by the person addressed than one that is very difficult to interpret; but this cannot apply to State, and still less to anti-State, documents. These should be of a character to puzzle the most intelligent scrutineers—let alone a Boer—for a lengthened period. "The art of deciphering resembles that of picking locks, and the only question is what time each requires." Mr. Hobbs during the Exhibition of 1851 picked Bramah's challenge lock in fifty-six hours; but the performers during a certain robbery of a bank in Scotland spent three months in passing through three locks. A cryptogram in Paris deciphered for the Government took six months in the operation. If the same pains had been expended in framing the Johannesburg messages those who sent them would not now—or perhaps ever—have been in so regrettable a position. No sagacity seems to have been employed in their composition. Since a cryptogram was employed what necessity was there for that feeble attempt at deception, the use of the term "flotation"? And surely it would only have been a matter of the commonest prudence to destroy the code when the least danger arose of its falling into hostile hands.

A history of ciphers, if such could be compiled, would be most interesting; there are few things more attractive to the human mind, as is proved by the immense popularity of the "Gold Beetle" (or "Bug," as the American edition terms it), though it is true it was enhanced by the glamour of buried treasure. One of the earliest methods of secret writing (made use of, I think, by Mr. Andrew Lang in one of his humorous stories) was to shave the head of the messenger and inscribe on it the desired information; but this took some time for its revelation, since the hair, of course, had to be restored in order to conceal it, and before he was ready for the operations of the second barber. There would have been the chance (in the absence of Röntgen's rays) for one of the numerous recipes for the growth of hair to obtain a splendid advertisement. The *skytale* of the Spartans, which caused the message it conveyed to consist merely of broken letters until it was wound upon an exactly similar staff in the possession of the correspondent, was a most ingenious device. Cryptic writing was of later date, but it is understood that the prophet Jeremiah (xxv. 26), "to conceal his prediction from all but the uninitiated, writes 'Sheshach' instead of 'Babylon'; that is, instead of using the second and twelfth letters of the Hebrew alphabet, he uses the second and twelfth from the end." If the ciphers of Charles I., that fell into the hands of the Roundheads after Naseby, and which Dr. John Wallis, the mathematician, was employed to elucidate, had been less simple, it is possible he might have kept his head on his shoulders. The Jacobites, who, it must be confessed, were not remarkable for intelligence, often came to grief through using sympathetic ink, a very childish and transparent form of cryptogram. Perhaps the most unfortunate of cipherers was poor Pepys, whose domestic peccadillos, hidden as he fondly imagined from prying eyes, have become public property.

As ciphers grew more difficult, experts who undertook their interpretation became more skilful. Walsh in his "Handy Book of Literary Curiosities" tells us that a notable instance of this took place in the United States in 1876. "Cipher messages transmitted by Mr. Tilden's agents to the disputed States of Oregon fell into the hands of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Hassard set himself to master the problem, and discovered that the messages contained overtures of bribery and corruption. The *Tribune* published the explanation, and though the messages could not be traced directly to Mr. Tilden, but only to his nephew, the result was to reduce Mr. Tilden himself to a cipher." That a joke can enter into cryptograms is obvious to those who have read Mr. Donnelly's attempt to identify Bacon with Shakspeare. What puts him out of court, to begin with, is the fact that Shakspeare got the money for his plays, which we are quite certain, from what we know of Bacon, he would never have suffered Shakspeare to get (nor the half of it) if they had been his own composition.

The only thoroughly undecipherable cipher is also the simplest. It consists of two duplicate books—any books; one in the hands of the transmitter of the cipher, and one in those of the recipient. The first letter in the first page is taken for "a," the first letter in the second for "b," and so on till the end of the message is reached; suppose it to consist of twenty-four words, twenty-four pages of the book will thus have been used; for the next message

the first letter of the twenty-fifth page will be used for "a," the first letter in the twenty-sixth for "b," and so on. Even the possession of one of these books would not help the would-be decipherer, unless he suspected some virtue in it, but without the book the cipher would remain absolutely inscrutable.

It is not generally known what a drug in the literary market is translation. Those who wish to get a living by their pen, and have escaped the conviction that they have original genius, naturally turn to translation, and the consequences are most deplorable. They seem to have a general impression that only a few people can read French, and that an academic knowledge of that language is a valuable possession. The same error prevails among young gentlemen fresh from college with respect to Latin. The success of the "Hawarden Horace" has stimulated them to renewed exertions to interpret that not wholly obscure poet to English ears. But the fact is, the British public are extremely insular, and care little for alien authors, while those who are better instructed, of course, read them in the original. The result is that the prices paid for translations are very far from being a "living wage," and, indeed, do not much exceed the sum paid to our typewriters. This, again, causes the work to be undertaken by incompetent persons, so that a good translation is a rarity. The apostles of culture are somewhat to blame for this; for, wishing, perhaps, to retain their monopoly of knowledge, they have always declared that all is lost in a translation, which is, of course, an exaggeration. We might just as well say that in a room with the window shut one cannot see out at all. A few great authors, such as Balzac (who, however, I am glad to see, is now being tackled by competent persons), are, indeed, very difficult to render into English; but others, like Victor Hugo, retain many of their attractions. The fact of these lending themselves to translation is, indeed, a proof of their genius. It is curious that this should be ignored by the cultured, since it is by no means unusual for highly classical persons to aver that the true test of an English poem is to see "how it looks in Greek." I knew one of them who translated "Tears, idle Tears" into that language and came to the conclusion that it looked very badly.

However, the fact remains that, as matters stand, translations are at a discount. From a financial point of view, whatever their merits they are a waste of time. Coleridge's rendering of "Wallenstein" is said to be superior to the original; but who reads either one or the other? Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," though some of them are excellent, are probably less known than any of her works. The translations that are most welcomed are (like puns) the very bad ones, and naturally enough they are the efforts of foreigners to interpret English writers, such as "Sortez, courtois chandelle," for "Out, out, brief candle," and "Ainsi douleur va-t-en" for "So woebegone." We are told that the readers of *L'Opinion Nationale* rose in rebellion against the appearance of "Our Mutual Friend" in its French dress, and no wonder. A pea-overcoat appeared as "un paletot du couleur de purée de pois," while the description of Twemlow is almost unrecognisable—

There was an innocent piece of dinner-furniture that went on easy castors, and was kept over a livery-stable yard in Duke Street, St. James's, when not in use, to whom the Veneerings were a source of blind confusion. The name of the article was "Twemlow."

The rendering of this sentence was as follows—

Il y a dans le quartier de St. James, où quand il ne sort pas il est remis au-dessus d'une écurie de Duke Street, un meuble de salle-à-manger, meuble innocent, chaussé de larges souliers de castor, pour qui les Veneerings sont un sujet d'inquiétude perpétuelle. Ce meuble inoffensif s'appelle "Twemlow."

A translation of some Spanish poems published in this country had, at least, two precious verses in it—

What matters it if even
In fair as diamond splendour,
The sun is fixed in heaven?
Me light he's born to render.

The moon is, so me tell they,
With living beings swamy;
"There may be thousands"—well, they
Can never come to harm me.

The invention of the word "swamy" to suit the rhyme (though not very well) is charmingly audacious and reminds us of our earlier British bards.

The habit of finding fault with one's own profession is decidedly a growing one. Legal dignitaries who have long done with briefs and have retired on a pension; doctors who have made their pile and have no further need of patients; gentlemen in the Civil Service whose salaries have been commuted—these have now all their little tales to tell of what "goes on" (and ought not to do so) in their respective callings. And now Mr. Henry Fowler, recently (as it is alleged) of Muswell Hill, has followed their example of deprecating his own trade. This is the more deplorable, since up to the present time a well-known proverb has insisted upon its chivalric nature. "There is honour," it says, "among thieves." Cynical persons, in other walks of life, have asserted that the proper meaning of this statement is that there is honour even among thieves, who have little else to plume themselves upon; but this, one has

always understood, is not the view of the profession. Yet we now find a leading member of it, and one who has a claim to speak with authority upon the matter, in commenting upon the behaviour of a fellow-craftsman (or cracksmen?) observing, "Thieves will cut one another's throats for half a loaf."

The latest addition to the noble army of authors is the Bey of Tunis. In his own country it is probable he will be favourably reviewed. In other lands writers may boast of having many strings to their bow—of being, for example, at once essayist, novelist, and poet; but the Bey has no need for more than one—the bowstring. It will have a more favourable effect upon the critics than a champagne luncheon has in this country. Theological works are generally rather out of their line, but they will doubtless have a good word to say for his Highness's "Guide of the True Believer in the Path of Duty." It gives, we are told, the most minute directions to the faithful as to food, ablutions, and matrimony, with a recipe for perfumed toothpicks, and the best way of getting rid of fleas. Nothing is said about the advertisement pages of this work; but if the Tunis tradesman knows his business, they ought to be very numerous.

It is strange, since the best novel of many months has dealt with a Russian theme, that another should have also succeeded so soon in grappling with the same subject; but the story humorously entitled "The Limb" may be said to run a respectable second to "The Sowers." It is more diffuse, and in some parts, it must be confessed—those that are concerned with Michka and his fanaticism, which one really cares nothing about—perilously near being tedious; but the author has given us so much else that is excellent that he will be easily forgiven and not, I think, easily forgotten. His hero, who obtains his name from his mischievous high spirits at Eton, is an excellent presentment of a young Englishman of his class—ignorant, clever, honourable, and audacious; while his cousin, Viscount Melrose, is an equally good specimen of an aristocratic *roué* of good natural impulses, but utterly demoralised by idleness and dissipation. People no doubt have various reasons for changing their religion, but this young gentleman seems to have become a Catholic mainly to annoy an Evangelical aunt—

The idea was a very great one; but how it ever occurred to Melrose has never been satisfactorily explained. To ascribe his trip to Rome to the existence of even the haziest doubt in his mind as to the sanitary condition of Canterbury, was, of course, to all who knew the man, obviously absurd. Doubts concerning matters of perhaps less general importance to the welfare of the human family—whether, for instance, under certain circumstances, it would or would not be advisable at baccarat to draw at fire—probably had, from time to time, assailed and perplexed him; but very certainly no question concerning the relative merits of the Roman and Anglican Churches had ever even presented itself to the mind of Melrose for solution. Indeed, so complete and absolute was his indifference to all religious matters, both before and after his so-called conversion, that it is in this very carelessness that we can alone hope to find any plausible explanation (save, of course, malice) of his conduct; it being just within the bounds of possibility that, as regards religion, Tam may have said to himself what old General Henry did of love, "Pour le peu que j'en fais, ce n'est pas la reine de m'en passer!"

The Viscount is, however, a very good friend of his young cousin, "the Limb," and introduces him to the highest circles of St. Petersburg, which are described with great brilliancy and freedom of touch. The luxury, the splendour, and the thoughtless extravagance in which they live are admirably contrasted with the slender hold which even the noblest in the country of the Czar have on liberty, and how near the confines of ruin stand the greatest fortunes. Suspicion dogs the great as well as the small, and, as in the Reign of Terror, "to be suspected of being suspect" is dangerous. Among the pleasantest company there is to be met some military official whose name is a synonym for harshness and cruelty, but whose unwelcome presence is invited for the sake of security. Such a person was General Ivan Prastchoff, who is introduced to Jock Erskine (the Limb) in the otherwise delightful circle he meets at Prince Cocha's country-house in the Ukraine—

In youth, when his blood had been less newt-like and torpid, Ivan Affonassievitch had played with human flesh and blood to his heart's content, having been invested with absolute and undisputed power over innumerable human beings—their bodies surely, and very possibly their souls; and although his career—that is, the more brilliant part of it—had only begun where tears end (his many years of distinguished services to his Sovereign having been passed in the awful regions of despair), there was no note in the infernal symphony of human anguish, from the scream of outraged purity to the last moan of the child murdered by the knout, with which his ears were not familiar; and so now in his old age he, having passed his youth in the midst of violence and death, found life and peace a bore.

These are all characters who play leading parts in our author's drama, and there is more than one young lady fitted by her beauty and accomplishments (except that one of them, to be sure, is a spy) to be a first-class heroine. From the days of "The Exiles of Siberia" the annals of that locality have been made familiar and, after a fashion, welcome to the readers of fiction; but I do not remember, from then till now, having seen that subject treated with more dramatic skill than in the present story. Considering the way in which "the Limb" gets out of his difficulties, his name is appropriate to the last, for he has certainly the luck of the Devil.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There is a good story told of Henry James Byron, the humorist. He was dreadfully bored one night with the inconsequent chatter of a popular entertainer whose entertainment consisted of popping under a table and coming up in a different character, which he represented with more or less success. Said Byron, pulling at his moustache and solemnly wagging his head, "Oh, my dear W——! I wish to goodness you would go under the table, come up somebody else, and remain so!" It can be safely said of Mr. Beerbohm Tree that he has gone into his dressing-room as the slimmest of men, come out of it as the fattest old fellow in history, and, what was more difficult still, has succeeded in remaining so. Mr. Tree's Falstaff is a distinct feature in modern art.

The manager of the Haymarket Theatre has earned the gratitude of thousands of earnest playgoers by his sumptuous, carefully considered, and artistic revival of Shakspeare's "First Part of Henry IV." In these days, when London stretches its huge branches farther and farther into the country, there are countless enthusiastic playgoers who, so to speak, are on the retired list. They have given up work, live peacefully in the suburbs, and are not disposed to make a night of it at the play. To such as these the *matinée* is a blessing indeed. The "trial *matinée*," as it is called, is an abomination to everybody, and has vanity as its foundation; but a *matinée* of a Shaksperian play got up, carefully rehearsed, mounted as well as at night, is found to be a priceless boon.

The Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and of "Henry IV." are pretty much alike, but Mr. Tree appears to enjoy his last Falstaff the best. Although the old man's hair is grey, he gives us a more buoyant temperament and a lighter heart. It is a most difficult character to personate, for there are pitfalls at every corner. The scenes have been so cleverly divided into separate and complete pictures that the comic interest does not so obtrusively clash with the serious as is usually the case. Falstaff and his tipsy rogues, Bardolph, Mistress Quickly, and the rest of them, keep very much to themselves, and of course the clash of Falstaff with the serious—nay, the pathetic—interest at the close of the play is unavoidable. For here lies the moral of the story and the climax of the Falstaff temperament.

This spirited revival brings to us to our delight one performance at least of remarkable excellence. This is the Hotspur of Mr. Lewis Waller, who in this character breaks new ground and scores a distinct success. The character is evidently sympathetic to the young actor. He has cast aside his sombre air of depression and melancholy. He is bright, alert, irritable, indignant, sarcastic, and humorous by turn. He not only acts well, but he listens well, an art very often neglected by the young artist. In a word, he thinks aloud, and the spectator can read in his face the tempest of emotion passing through his brain. This is surely an ideal Hotspur, the very war-horse of a man. He cannot waste his time in lovely woman's arms, the scent of the boudoir seems to sicken him. He must mount his horse, and clatter his armour, and brace on his shield, and be off to the wars again. He seems to neigh like a steed at the very smell of battle. And notice, I beg you, how such acting as this, such variety, such spirit, and such ardour exhilarates the scene instead of depressing it. It is such acting as this that has been driven from the stage by the feeble preachers of realism, impressionism, naturalism as they call it, and conventionalism as they understand it. Thank Heaven, it is likely to return! I have seen enough of the old school, as it is called, to know that the errors of it consisted not at all in the absence of schooling or the knowledge of the grammar of the actor's art, but in the general lack of intelligence, and what the French call "*ce sacré feu*," to decorate the training withal. As a rule, our young modern actors are far more intelligent, better read, and better educated than the race they have succeeded; but if they think they will ever get along without the conventional tricks of their trade, without the rules of their art, and without just the exaggeration that the art insists upon, they will make the greatest mistake in their lives. I hear people say, "Ah! but men and women do not talk like that in real life." Of course they do not, for the very good reason that the stage is not supposed to be a transcript of real life, but a judicious exaggeration of it. In real life people do not talk in blank verse. Blank verse is a stage convention. Will it be argued that blank verse is hateful in the classic and romantic drama?

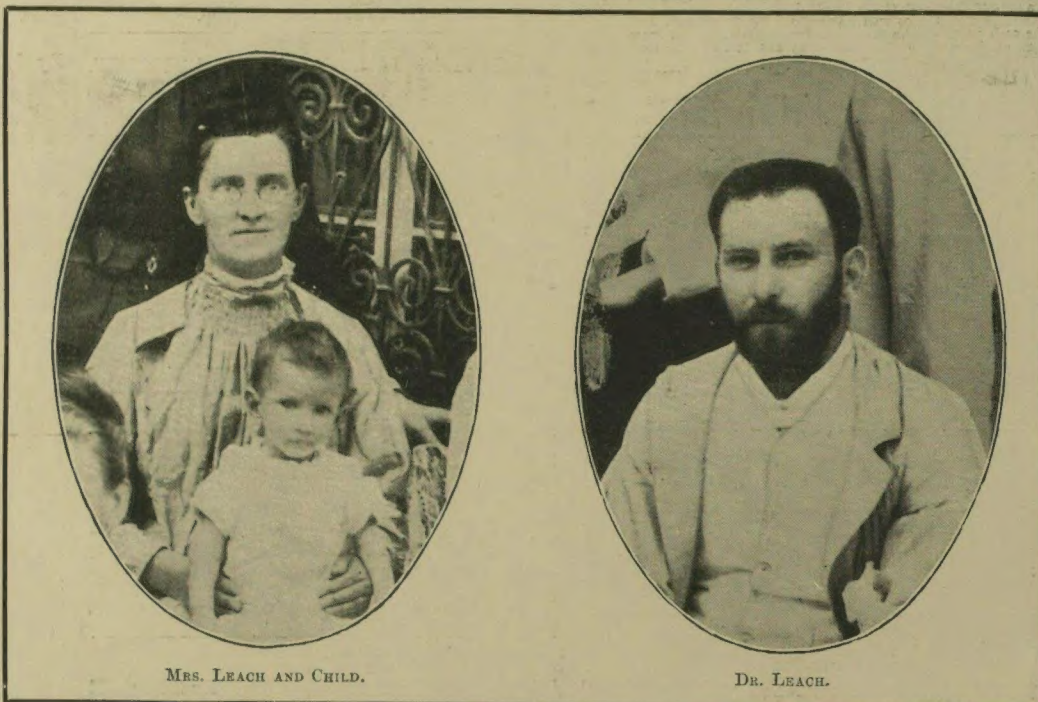
I fear it is the spirit of the age that does the mischief. Young men so hedged round with social connections think it "bad form" to be enthusiastic about anything. They refuse to glow. This reticence and imprisoned enthusiasm they bring upon the stage, and when they are deadly dull they turn round and tell us they are natural and conventional. If a young actor at rehearsal speaks up with spirit and fire he is at once pulled up and told he rants. He is warned that "that kind of thing will not do." He is merely acting, and the embryo actor is turned into a tailor's dummy. I have been preaching this old sermon for many years with very little effect, but I am glad to give an illustration of it in the Hotspur of Lewis Waller.

This was the kind of art that belonged to Cathcart, the lieutenant of Charles Kean; to Hermann Vezin in his younger days; to Walter Montgomery; to Fernandez and Fitzpatrick and Charles Coghlan and Charles Warner, and other disciples of Fechter; and this is the kind of art that the people love in preference to the inarticulate mumbling and depressing under-acting of the new school, as it is called. I should call it more appropriately the "no-school." If such acting as that shown by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Mollison (the King) in this Shaksperian revival is ranting, then I wish we had much more of it. The stage would be the better for it. Mr. Mollison is a very valuable Shaksperian actor, and clearly one of high intelligence; when he has forgotten the Scotch, necessitated by the last few months' touring, all will be well with the stately King and his noble lines. A better Bardolph than Lionel Brough the stage never saw, and it is always a treat to hear the cheery voice and laugh of Miss Kate Phillips, who is invaluable as Mistress Quickly, a dainty bit of Old England. Mrs. Tree as Lady Percy is as charming as ever, giving to the scenes with Hotspur a singular delight.

I sincerely trust that good luck will befall the new comedy called "A Matchmaker," written for the Shaftesbury by Miss Gertrude Kingston and Miss Clo Graves. At present it hangs doubtfully in the balance. It interests some but not all, and I fancy the pattern is not bold enough for the canvas employed. A stronger or, at any rate, a funnier story was required for four acts. Be that as it may, it was received with considerable applause.

THE LATE DR. LEACH.

A most painful sensation was caused in Tunis last week by the news of the tragic end of Dr. Leach, a well-known medical missionary, who was murdered on May 6, together with his wife and one of his children, at his residence at Sfax. Sheer fanaticism is conjectured to be the only motive which could have prompted the murderers, for no attempt at robbery seems to have been made. The victims



MRS. LEACH AND CHILD.

DR. LEACH.

BRITISH MISSIONARY AND HIS FAMILY, MURDERED IN TUNIS.

of this savage crime were discovered, after an alarm had been raised, by the British Vice-Consul and the Commissary of Police. Dr. Leach lay with no less than ten wounds upon him, the work of a dagger and an axe; while his wife had received four separate stabs, and their little six-year-old boy had died of a gash in the throat.

Dr. Charles Sherard Leach was a son of the late Surgeon-Major Leach, an Indian Army doctor, and was born in Rangoon thirty-six years ago. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, where he eventually graduated. He spent his first professional years as surgeon on a steamer of the Clan line; he was later on resident-surgeon at the Birmingham Children's Hospital, and subsequently had a practice at Forest Gate. Being desirous of combining missionary work with his medical career, he joined an American mission some seven years ago. At the time of their death Dr. Leach and his wife, who was formerly a Miss Kean; of Rothesay, N.B., had been for more than five years well-known members of the North Africa Mission, and for some time past Dr. Leach had been the head of the Mission, combining with his religious duties the conduct of a dispensary for the benefit of the natives. His chief work has been done in and around Tunis among the Moslems and Jews; but in August of last year he proposed to his Society that a new mission should be opened at Sfax, which lies about two hundred miles south of Tunis. By his own desire Dr. Leach intended to work this new branch alone at the outset, and it was necessarily somewhat of an experiment. His widespread popularity among the natives long since rendered him quite fearless, and two months ago he took up his residence in a house just outside the town of Sfax, with his wife and two children, the younger of whom alone was spared by the murderers.

THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.

The attack on Buluwayo has for some days past declined into a few insignificant local skirmishes, the mass of the enemy having withdrawn to the Matoppo Hills; and the task of dislodging and dispersing or subduing that lately formidable host of savages, partly armed with rifles and able to use them, will be left to a campaign in which Colonel Plumer's fresh colonial military forces will probably have the larger share; for the defenders of Buluwayo have bravely and successfully held their own. Not being any longer so closely besieged or beleaguered as they were, they

have now sent out a column of two hundred mounted men, with three hundred men on foot and four machine-guns, to clear the main road towards Fort Salisbury, to the north-east of Buluwayo, expecting a conflict with the enemy near Gwelo, where the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, with his escort from Fort Salisbury, has been stopped by the assemblage of a large hostile force at Mavin, or Movin, said to muster about five thousand. Mr. Rhodes, as he approached Gwelo, saw a little fighting on the road, and seems to have waited for assistance from Buluwayo, which had ceased to be in actual need of relief from the quarter whence he came, although his presence at the headquarters of the Matabililand Official Administration was much desired. Earl Grey had there assumed the direction of civil affairs. No troops of the Imperial Government are to advance beyond Mafeking, those of Cape Colony and of Natal being sufficient to deal with the insurrection.

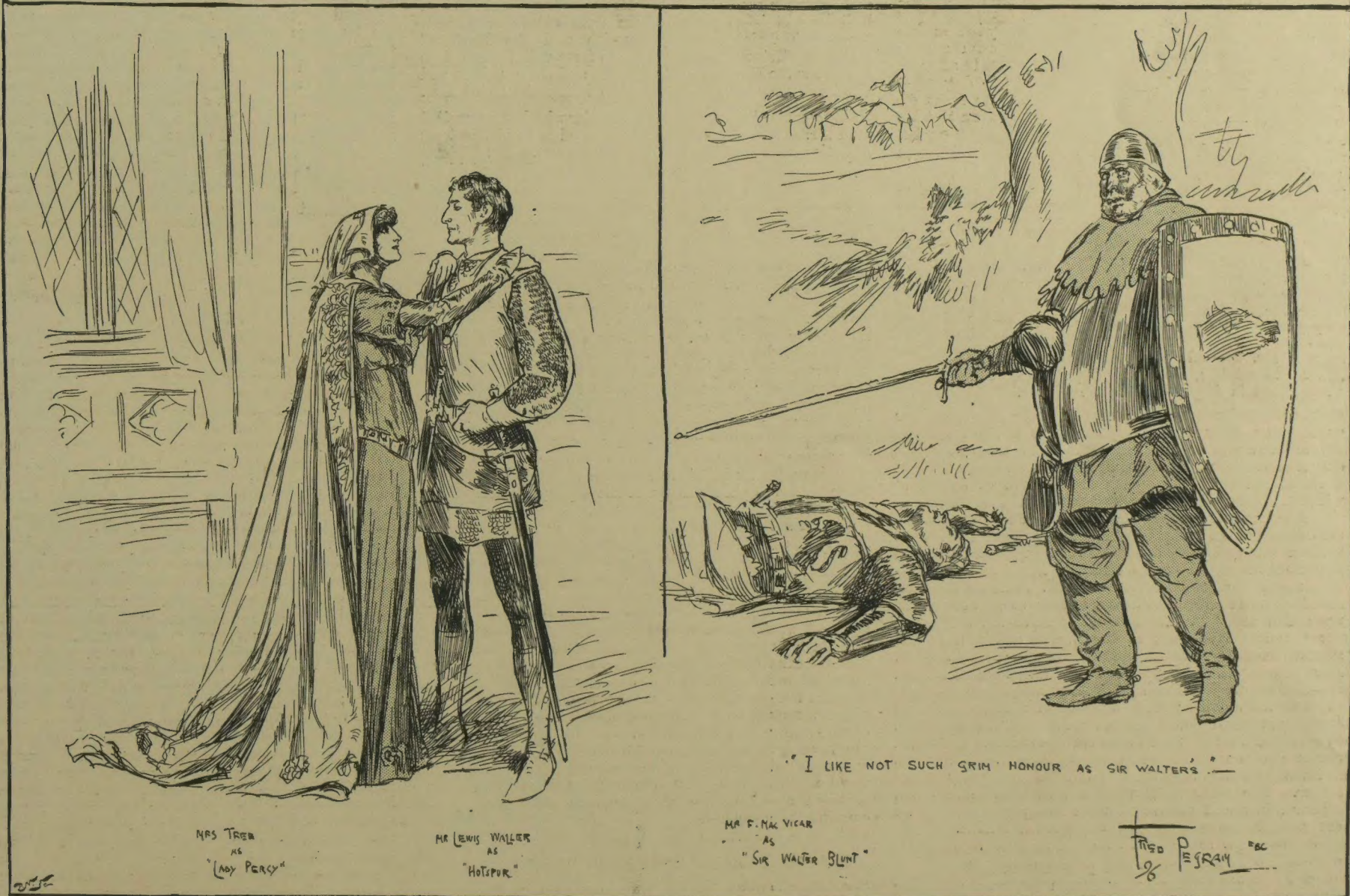
THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The progress of the Anglo-Egyptian military enterprise and auxiliary provisions for the secure occupation of advanced positions on the Upper Nile, with a view to intended further movements at a convenient season, and to the ultimate recovery of Berber and Khartoum, is proceeding with steady rapidity, making good each step that is taken. The railway from Sarras, passing by the Second Cataract, is being laid at the rate of one mile daily, and now extends beyond the Ambigol road and to the Murad Wells; it will be completed to Akasheh by the end of June. Permanent garrisons have been placed in fortified positions at Sarras and other stations to the front. The whole of the Camel Corps has been assembled at Wady Halfa, and will be of great service in scouting over the Nubian Desert. These arrangements on the banks of the Nile, under the direct supervision of General Sir H. Kitchener, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's army, have been connected with the recent active movements of the garrisons at Souakim and Tokar, by which Osman Digna's section of

the Mahdist or Dervish forces has been driven back from the coast region of the Red Sea, and is likely soon to be altogether expelled from the Eastern Soudan. A most important resolution is now announced at Simla, the headquarters of the British Indian Government, amounting to no less than putting this portion of the East African littoral temporarily under the military protection of that Government, in order that the Egyptian troops may be removed to Wady Halfa to join in the advance towards Dongola. A force of the Indian Native Army comprising the 26th Bengal Native Infantry, the 35th Sikh Regiment, the 1st Bombay Lancers, the 5th Bombay Mountain Battery, and a party of the Madras Sappers and Miners, with two native Hospital Corps, under command of Colonel Egerton, is about to sail for the Red Sea coast, and will certainly, although acting mainly on the defensive, be sufficient, not only to hold Souakim and the neighbouring hill country, but also to protect the operations by which Souakim is to be placed in direct communication with Berber and the Nile, and which are to meet those of the Dongola Expedition, closing the whole southern frontier of Nubia against hostile approach.

THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIAL FESTIVAL.

Just a thousand years ago, the forefathers of modern Hungary who had wandered westward from their original home in the region of the Altai Mountains, established themselves in the country which has since borne their name, and laid the foundations of the Hungarian State. For some months to come the Hungarian nation will be engaged in the appropriate celebration of the thousandth year of its history. Fêtes and congresses of all kinds are to be held at all the chief centres of the country at intervals throughout the next few months, and great events of Hungarian history are to be celebrated by the erection of many monuments. But the chief feature of the commemoration is the great Millennial Exhibition which was opened at Budapest on May 2 by the Emperor-King Francis Joseph, and which forms an elaborately faithful presentment of the gradual development of the Hungarian race from a state of barbaric simplicity to the complex civilisation of the present time. Most of the great historical buildings of the country are reproduced on an extensive scale in a rich medley of different architectural styles—Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, and their successors. Among these picturesque illustrations of the national history are reproductions of a castle begun by Arpad and completed by John Hunyadi; of another famous castle, that built by Vajda-Hunyad for his son, who afterwards ruled as King Matthias Corvinus, and many another haunt of historic association. And within the walls of these mimic buildings are displayed countless relics of Hungary's bygone years, lent from the royal treasure-house or gathered from their other resting-places, not in Hungary alone, but from foreign countries, whose rulers have lent whatever objects they possess of Hungarian interest. The Sultan of Turkey has contributed a particularly fine collection of treasures associated with his predecessors on the Turkish throne, whose sovereignty was acknowledged in Hungary. Side by side with this rich display of bygone times is a no less extensive illustration of the chief features in the life of modern Hungary. Some hundred and seventy different pavilions of spacious size are devoted to the exhibition of all that is most representative of the country, and indeed of its whole social and political life.



PERSONAL.

Prince Henri of Orléans, who has been invited by the Royal Geographical Society to lecture on his travels, has addressed a letter to the *Times* in reply to the charge that he is an Anglophobe. Prince Henri candidly confesses that he wishes our Indian Empire had been conquered by France, and he claims for French enterprise the original idea of such a dominion. Remembering the gallant Dupleix, we cannot quarrel with that opinion. Prince Henri says he has travelled in India with a sincere admiration of our rule, but he does not deny that he wishes to see France extending her possessions on the Mekong. This is the rational spirit of international rivalry, and Prince Henri may rest assured that it will not lower him in English esteem.

Père Hyacinthe denies that he has become a Copt. It is true that he has communicated in a Coptic place of worship, but he has done the same in an Anglican church. He declares that he is no more a Copt than a High Churchman, and claims the right to worship in spirit with any Christian denomination. If this example were followed by any considerable number of people, there might be some hope for the reunion of Christendom.

Mr. Whistler has had the misfortune to lose his wife. The late Mrs. Whistler was formerly the wife of Mr. Godwin, a man who in some ways exercised no inconsiderable influence in artistic circles.

The famous cipher telegrams may be genuine enough, but there seems to have been some hocus-pocus with notebooks. A diary belonging to Major Robert White was said to contain an entry to the effect that Dr. Jameson had started on his raid in compliance with direct instructions from Mr. Rhodes. Dr. Jameson and Mr. White deny this point-blank. Perhaps Mr. Kruger will institute an inquiry into the forged diaries. There is obvious reason to believe that Mr. Rhodes was unprepared for Dr. Jameson's move.

Matabililand, within less than six years, has acquired a considerable history of stirring and adventurous exploits—

but, Mr. Labouchere would perhaps say, rather of "exploitations." If we do not entirely subscribe to the opinion of those antimetallic moralists who say that gold is the root of all evil—a queer root, that yields no such growth till after it is dug up—we must see that the struggle,

lamentable though it be, which has arisen between white and black men in that region of the South African El Dorado, produces some bright samples of valour, which is better than gold—rather more like the quality of steel. It is conceivable, if one dared utter the thought! that men, both civilised and savage, may find it beneficial to their moral health, now and then, to be obliged, in a loyal and chivalrous spirit, to kill each other a little, as they have been doing recently at Bulawayo. The accounts hitherto received of so many local skirmishes are yet too scanty for an award of praise and fame to one colonial hero more than another; but here is one, Mr. Harold Cardigan, who, on April 25, with Mr. R. Fitzstubs, led the "Cape Boys" in a conflict "mentioned in dispatches" to the *Times*.

The Opera Season opened with its customary splendour on Monday, May 11. Everybody was there, from the Prince of Wales to the big drum, and the scene was extremely brilliant. M. Jean de Reszke, who took the part of Roméo in the performance of "Roméo et Juliette," which inaugurated the season, received the most enthusiastic welcome from the whole house. Madame Eames, the Juliette of the evening, and the other artists who took part in the performance—Mdlles. Jessie Hudleston and Bauermeister and MM. Castelmarty, Bars, and Albers—also received a cordial welcome. M. Jean de Reszke's Roméo is well known, but he has seldom sung better than upon this occasion. In the noble "Lève-toi, soleil," in the exquisite love duet in the fourth act, and in the glorious recitations of the last act he was vocally superb. In appearance he was perfect in his elegance, grace, and self-command. Madame Eames has made enormous progress in her singing; formerly one would have said that she only required power to make her a great singer. Time has granted that last gift, and, though it is not pretended that her voice could not be more sympathetic, at all events it must be recognised that she is an admirably gifted singer. The other parts were adequately fulfilled, and Signor Mancinelli conducted with his patent ability an orchestra that was in exceptionally good condition.

On Tuesday night were performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Hänsel and Gretel." Miss Macintyre made a very vigorous and very human Santuzza, and sang with a thousand distinctions of voice; and Signor de Lucia worked very vigorously with the part of Turiddu—indeed, somewhat overdoing the concluding passages, and almost turning the tragedy into light burlesque. Mdlles. Brazzi and Bauermeister as Lola and Lucia were satisfactory, and Signor Bevigiani conducted a somewhat noisy performance. Signor Mancinelli later conducted an admirable performance of "Hänsel" with conspicuous ability. Miss Hudleston was a delightfully dainty Gretel, and Miss Elba's Hänsel was charming. Mr. Bispham scored the

success of the evening by his interpretation of the part of the father, in which the novelty, yet absolute correctness, of his reading was most memorable.

The death of Vice-Admiral Sir Robert O'Brien Fitzroy at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven has deprived the British Navy of a distinguished officer who had seen a great deal of service.



Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL SIR O'BRIEN FITZROY.

and in 1860 he received the clasp, having meantime assisted in the taking of the Peiho Forts as a Lieutenant on the *Odin*. In the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 he was in command of Ismailia, and was raised to the Order of C.B. in recognition of his distinguished services. He was subsequently naval A.D.C. to the Queen, and for a period of three years from 1891 was Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves. From 1894 he commanded the Channel Squadron for a year, and was then made a K.C.B. Sir Robert Fitzroy was a son of Vice-Admiral Fitzroy, formerly M.P. for Durham, the family being a branch of the ducal house of Grafton, and had but lately inherited the property of the late Lady Oglander, near Beaminstor.

An astonishing speech is attributed to an American Roman Catholic prelate. Archbishop Ireland is reported to have denounced arbitration on the ground that war evokes the finest qualities of patriotism. Considering that the Pope has expressly commended the efforts to secure a treaty of arbitration between England and America, the pugnacious Archbishop's opinion seems to call for a rather pointed rebuke from Rome. Apart from that, the idea of a minister of religion extolling slaughter as a good spiritual stimulus is very offensive; although Lord Tennyson, we know, conveyed the same lesson in "Maud."

A brief Whitsuntide holiday on the Continent becomes each year an easier matter. This year the Great Eastern Railway will issue cheap return tickets to Scheveningen, the Dutch Brighton, via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. Return tickets at single fares will be issued to Berlin for the Exhibition on May 22, and cheap tickets will also be issued to Budapest for the Millennial Exhibition.

By a curious error, the Mr. Balestier who has quarrelled with Mr. Rudyard Kipling was supposed to be Mr. Wolcott Balestier, who has been dead several years. Mr. Wolcott Balestier collaborated with Mr. Kipling in "The Naulakha." His brother does not appear to enjoy any literary renown, but he has certainly become famous by a dispute with Mr. Kipling over some drain-pipes. The brothers-in-law live on adjoining farms, and their differences have reached such an acute stage that Mr. Kipling has felt constrained to seek the protection of the law. This must be an interesting diversion from the monotony of writing fiction.

It is difficult to say positively whether the Kaiser will come to Cowes or not. One story is that he has assured an English correspondent in a private letter of his readiness to trust himself to the "sportsmanlike instinct" of the English people. This means that he wants to come to us as a yachtsman, not as the imperial inditer of hasty telegrams. It is quite certain that if the Kaiser were to visit Cowes, he would find popular sentiment quite tranquil, if not friendly.

It is understood that the selection of Colonel J. Ramsey Slade, of the Royal Artillery, to accompany the staff of the Italian army in East Africa, as military representative of the British Government, was granted at the special request of General Baldissera, now commanding that army, who had made his personal acquaintance in Rome. Colonel Slade being Military Attaché to the British Legation in that city. But he is not the less conversant, by previous experience, with the needs and methods of conducting war in the Soudan, having been aide-de-camp to General Sir Evelyn Wood in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and having served in other military operations in that region. Colonel Slade is a Companion of the Bath, and is a highly accomplished officer, with a good professional record.



Photo Ball, Regent Street.

COLONEL SLADE, C.B.

America has lost a genuine humorist in Mr. H. O. Bunner. For many years Mr. Bunner was editor of *Puck*, the most vigorous of the American comic papers. His most characteristic work, however, lay in his short stories, which had that quaint blend of extravagant fancy and tender sentiment which belongs to the American school of fiction. Mr. Bunner was not very well known to English readers, who ought to take the belated opportunity to read "The Runaway Browns," the most delightful story he ever wrote.

An operation has been successfully performed on Sir John Millais's throat, but there is still grave anxiety as to the nature of the conditions which made the operation necessary. If outward appearances could be trusted, there was never a man in more robust health.

The Patti Concert at the Albert Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 12, was altogether a brilliant affair. Summer skies reigned without, and summer frocks reigned within. Mr. Edward Lloyd sang as he always sings, with infinite distinction; Miss Crossley's voice was in excellent condition; and Miss Clara Eissler played the harp with deft manipulation. But what of that amazing artist who seems to have secured from the gods the gift of unchanging youth, Madame Patti? Let it not be supposed that her voice is as fine as it has ever been; but it is still so full and rich in quality, so tender in its appeals, and so marvellous in its variety that it remains a liberal education to singers.

Among the brave defenders of Bulawayo, where two or three hundred women and children, taking refuge from the cruel

Matabili onslaught upon white folk in the surrounding districts, have been preserved, after the massacre of about fifty of our race at lonely farms and road stations, Mr. Johann W. Colenbrander, with his corps of native scouts and "Cape Boys," is a notable leader. He has been well known in South Africa for many years past, was engaged as interpreter in the Zulu War, and speaks the language of different native tribes, cultivating the acquaintance of their chiefs; he accompanied two of the Matabili Indunas on a political mission to London; but it was in 1890, in the pioneer expedition of the British South Africa Company, and more lately in the war against Lobengula, that he performed more conspicuous active service. Last year he was the chief promoter of the "Matabililand Development Company," with a view to invite permanent settlers in that region, which has good agricultural and pastoral capabilities, apart from the promise of gold-fields.

PARLIAMENT.

The great debate on Mr. Rhodes has come and gone. Sir William Harcourt recited to the House the misdemeanours of certain officials of the Chartered Company, basing his indictment on the cipher telegrams published at Pretoria. Sir William did not mince his language. He charged Mr. Rhodes with direct complicity in the plot for the invasion of the Transvaal, and he divided the directors of the Chartered Company into people who were honest but incapable, and people who were capable but dishonest. Mr. Rhodes had destroyed the peace of South Africa, and brought about a chaos of racial animosities. What were the Government going to do? In his reply Mr. Chamberlain declined to discuss Sir William Harcourt's counts against Mr. Rhodes. The trial of Dr. Jameson was in progress, and as for the Chartered Company, the Government were prepared to grant an inquiry conducted by a joint Committee of both Houses into the entire history of that organisation. This, however, could not take effect till the case of Dr. Jameson was disposed of. Mr. Chamberlain refused to join in a wholesale censure of Mr. Rhodes, to whose services he paid a high tribute. As for the Outlanders, the Colonial Secretary was fully alive to their undoubted grievances, which he would continue to press on the Transvaal Government by every means in his power; but he repudiated the contention that we had a right to make war on another State because it would not enfranchise the British subjects within its borders. In the course of the debate Mr. Labouchere delivered himself of some violent animus against Mr. Rhodes, and incidentally snubbed Sir William Harcourt by remarking, "I have no leader." Nobody was surprised when Ministers obtained a huge majority for the second reading of the Education Bill. A powerful speech against the measure was made by Mr. Asquith, but after that the opposition on the Liberal side had very little vigour. It is in Committee that the real difficulties of the Government will begin, for some provisions of the Bill do not command the unreserved support of all sections of the Unionist party. On the other hand, the second reading majority cannot fail to exercise a great moral effect. In the House of Lords a curious Divorce Bill, proposed by Lord Halifax, has been read a second time. Lord Halifax wants to prevent the remarriage of divorced persons in places of worship, and one clause of the Bill would make invalid all such marriages as have already been solemnised. Lord Salisbury hinted that this was a little too strong.

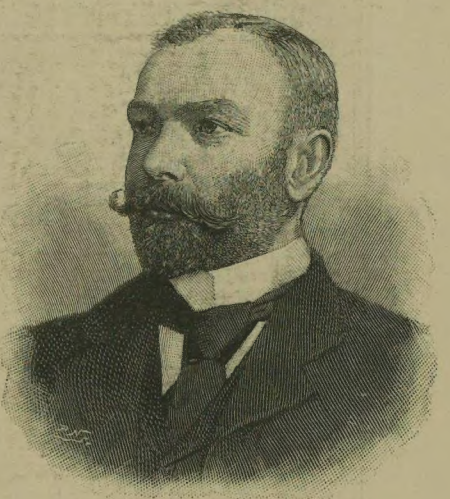


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

MR. JOHANN W. COLENBRANDER.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

MR. G. H. CARDIGAN.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Windsor Castle, and intends to stay there until her birthday, after which she goes to Balmoral. Her Majesty held a Council on Wednesday.

A Drawing-Room was held by Princess Christian, on behalf of the Queen, on Thursday, May 7, at Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein were present. The next Drawing-Room will be held on Monday, May 18, by the Princess of Wales.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught have been appointed by her Majesty the first Knights of the new "Royal Victorian Order."

The Princess of Wales and her daughters have left the Riviera on their return to England. Prince Charles of Denmark comes on a visit to their Royal Highnesses. The wedding is to be in July, at the chapel of Buckingham Palace.

The Duke and Duchess of York have left Copenhagen for Paris, to stay there a few days and return home.

Political speeches in the past week have mostly been confined to the Parliamentary debates on the Transvaal and

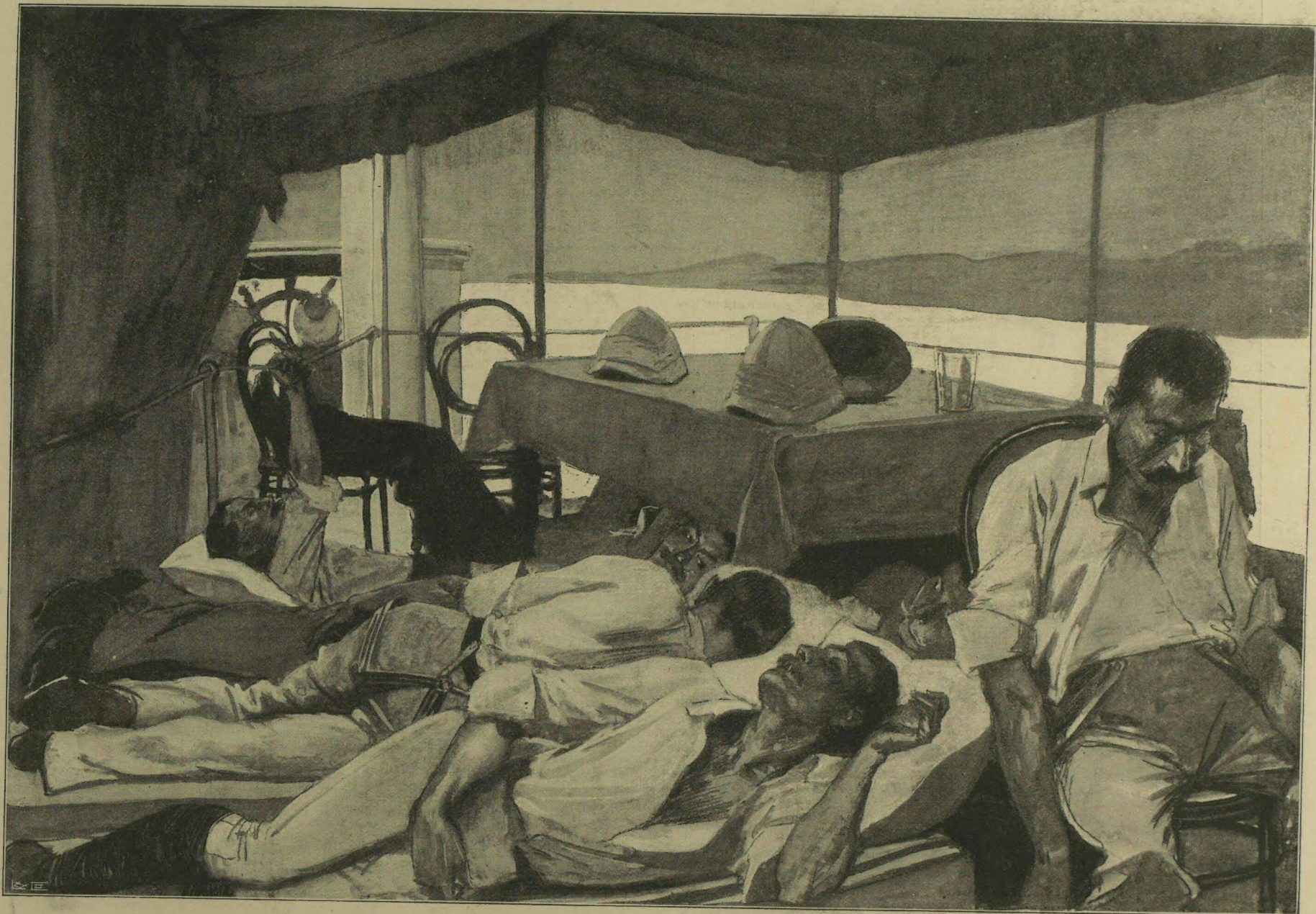
The separate Code for Evening Schools, established in 1893 by the Government Education Department, seems to have worked well. These schools, of which there are nearly four thousand in England and Wales, with an average attendance of 130,000 pupils, are designed for "continuation" of useful studies after the age for elementary schools. Two-thirds of the evening schools are established and maintained by voluntary associations, including Church, Wesleyan, Independent and Baptist, and Roman Catholic religious ministries and congregations. They receive annual Government aid to amounts ranging from 14s. 8½d. to 18s. 5½d. per scholar, as do those, likewise, which are established by the School Boards; and they also get some help from the County Councils.

The Ragged School Union, founded by the late Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. John Macgregor, held its fifty-second yearly festival on Monday evening, in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, where the prizes were distributed by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, and Earl Compton occupied the chair.

The Australian cricketers began their tour in England for this year at Sheffield Park, Sussex, on Monday, when the Prince of Wales was one of the spectators.

son, the King, a little boy in the uniform of a pupil of the Military School. Her Majesty read a speech, referring to the measures of reform in Cuba and Porto Rico, supported by votes of the Chambers; but stating that the Governor-General of Cuba was of opinion that the present and immediate application of such reforms would now, instead of contributing to peace, be likely to impede it. The insurrection was now declining, and would already have been stamped out but for the great and frequent aid from abroad which it received, tending to prolong the existing struggle. In the United States of America, the President and his Government had, despite great efforts to move him in a contrary direction, not departed from the old attitude of loyal friendship.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies at Rome has had five days' debate on the Abyssinian affair, and has, by a majority of 145 votes, approved of the present attitude of the Government, which henceforth renounces all pretension to the conquest of Tigré, or to any Protectorate over Abyssinia, being content with the relief of the garrison at Adigerat; but General Baldissera has still to enforce upon local chiefs in Tigré the demand for the release of some Italian prisoners of war. There are nearly two thousand more Italians captive in Shoa. Kassala, in



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—HIGH NOON ON THE NILE: 115° IN THE SHADE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

the Chartered South Africa Company, and on the Education Bill. On Saturday the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith addressed a Liberal party meeting at Trowbridge. The Minister for Agriculture, Mr. Walter Long, spoke on Monday at an election meeting at Frome.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour on Tuesday, at a dinner of the metropolitan Conservative and Constitutional Associations, accompanied by Lord George Hamilton, acknowledging the toast "Her Majesty's Ministers," remarked that the change in the position of that party in the London constituencies was more significant than had ever been known in political history. He declared that town and country, commercial and manufacturing and agricultural interests, England, Scotland, and Ireland, the United Kingdom and the great Colonial Empire, should sympathise with each other, in order that the whole might prosper; and this was a truly Conservative view.

The Hon. T. F. Bayard, the genial American Ambassador, spoke at the Savage Club dinner on Saturday, frankly owning the bond of mental sympathy between the two great nations that use the English language.

In the iron shipbuilding yards on the north-east coast of England notice of dismissal has been served on members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers who will not abandon their opposition to the employers upon a question of the wages of machine-men. The London building strike continues to stop the work of large contractors, and half-finished Board schools, waiting for trowel and hammer to complete their walls and roofs, testify that the popular zeal for education is not so very urgent after all.

The German Emperor, with the Empress, at Frankfort, on Monday, joined in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Treaty concluded there between the German Sovereigns by which the present constitution of the Empire was settled. His Majesty sent, by telegram, an affectionate message to Prince Bismarck, expressing his inextinguishable gratitude, and that of the whole nation, for the great Chancellor's services to German unity in the reign of William I. A statue of the old Emperor was unveiled at Frankfort.

French national feeling is much excited by the murder of three Frenchmen in Madagascar, at the hands of a band of rioters or local insurgents, of the Fahavalo tribe, in the mining district of Tsinjoarivo, three days' journey south of the capital. There was no sign of hostility on the part of the Hovas, the superior native race in Madagascar. A military force has been sent to punish the offenders.

Spain and the United States of America have got into a rather heated dispute arising out of an incident of the Cuban rebellion. A schooner called the *Competitor*, illegally employed in aiding the insurgents, with three American citizens on board, one born in England, having been captured by a war-ship of the Spanish Government, those prisoners have been sentenced by court-martial to death. If that sentence be enforced, the war party in America will strongly urge President Cleveland to assist the rebels in Cuba. General Weyler there claims to have gained fresh victories and to have dispersed local bands of insurgents or compelled several of their chiefs to submit.

The Cortes, or Parliament, of Spain were opened at Madrid, on Monday, by the Queen Regent, with her

the Soudan, is still to be held by an Italian garrison, in view of the Anglo-Egyptian movements in that region. General Baratieri is to be tried by a military tribunal.

At Moscow the preparations for the grand ceremonial of the Coronation of the Czar Nicholas II. are busily proceeding, and there will be a great concourse not only of Russians, but of royal and princely and diplomatic representatives of almost every nation in Europe and Asia. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left England on Monday to represent our Queen at Moscow.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, after visiting St. Petersburg, Berlin, Munich, and Paris, has returned to his own capital, Sofia, where he is rejoined by his Italian consort, Princess Maria Louisa of Parma, with his two infant children, the elder of which babes, Prince Boris, was lately christened into the Eastern Church.

The new Shah of Persia, Muzaffer-ed-Din, has received and replied to a message from Queen Victoria, congratulating him upon his accession to the throne, with her Majesty's condolence upon the death of the late Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, to whose tomb she had sent a mourning wreath.

A terrible disaster took place on Sunday night to a train conveying French soldiers on the Algiers and Oran railway. About fifty men were killed.

In the British West African territory of Lagos there has been fighting between the Houssa garrison of Odo Otin, under a British officer, and a hostile tribe called the Ilorins.



HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

By R. Caton Woodville.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

X.

A NOTE FOR CAPTAIN BURKE.

Notwithstanding the fact that the *Summer Shelter* made very good time, that she had coaled at Nassau, and was therefore ready for an extended cruise, it was impossible for any of those on board of her to conceal from themselves the very strong improbability of sighting the *Dunkery Beacon* after she had got out upon the wide Atlantic, and that she would pass the comparatively narrow channel south of Tobago Island before the yacht reached it was almost a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Burke assured Mrs. Cliff and his passengers that although their chase after the steamer might reasonably suggest a needle and a haystack, still, if the *Dunkery Beacon* kept down the coast in as straight a line as she could for Cape St. Roque, and if the *Summer Shelter* also kept the same line, and if the yacht steamed a great deal faster than the other vessel, it stood to reason that it could not be very long before the *Summer Shelter* overhauled the *Dunkery Beacon*.

But those who consulted with Mr. Portman were not so well encouraged as those who pinned their faith upon the Captain. The sailing-master had very strong doubts about ever sighting the steamer that had sailed away two days before they left Kingston. The ocean being so very large, and any steamer being so very small comparatively, and if they did not pass her miles out of sight, and if they never caught up to her, he would not be in the least surprised.

Four days had passed since they left Kingston, when Burke and Shirley stood together upon the deck scanning the horizon with a glass. "Don't you think it begins to look like a wild-goose chase?" said the latter.

Burke thrust his hands into the pockets of his jacket. "Yes," said he, "it does look like that! I did believe that we were going to overhaul her before she got outside the Carribbees, but she must be a faster vessel than I thought she was!"

"I don't believe she's fast at all," said Shirley. "She's had two days start, and that's enough to spoil our business, I'm afraid!"

"But we'll keep on," said Burke. "We're not going to turn back until our coal-bunkers tell us we've got to do it!"

Steamers they saw, sometimes two in an hour; sailing-vessels were sighted, near by or far away; schooners, ships, or brigs, and these were steaming and sailing this way and that, but never did they see a steamer with a single funnel painted black and white with the stripes running up and down.

It was very early next morning after the conversation between Burke and Shirley that the latter saw a long line of smoke just above the horizon which he thought might give him reason for looking out for the steamer of which they were in quest; but when he got his glass and the masts appeared above the horizon, he saw that this vessel was heading eastward, perhaps a little north-east, and therefore was not likely to be the *Dunkery Beacon*. But in half an hour his glass showed him that there were stripes on the funnel of this steamer which ran up and down, and in a moment Burke was called, and was soon at his side.

"I believe that's the *Dunkery*!" cried the Captain, with the glass to his eye. "But she's on the wrong course! It won't take us long to overhaul her. We'll head the yacht a few points to the east. Don't say anything to anybody—we don't want to disappoint them."

"Oh! we can overhaul her," said Shirley, who now had the glass, "for it isn't a stern chase by any means!"

In less than half an hour everybody on board the *Summer Shelter* knew that the large steamer which they could plainly see on the rolling waves to the south was the *Dunkery Beacon*; unless, indeed, they should find that this was one of her sister ships coming north. There was great excitement on board the yacht. The breakfast,

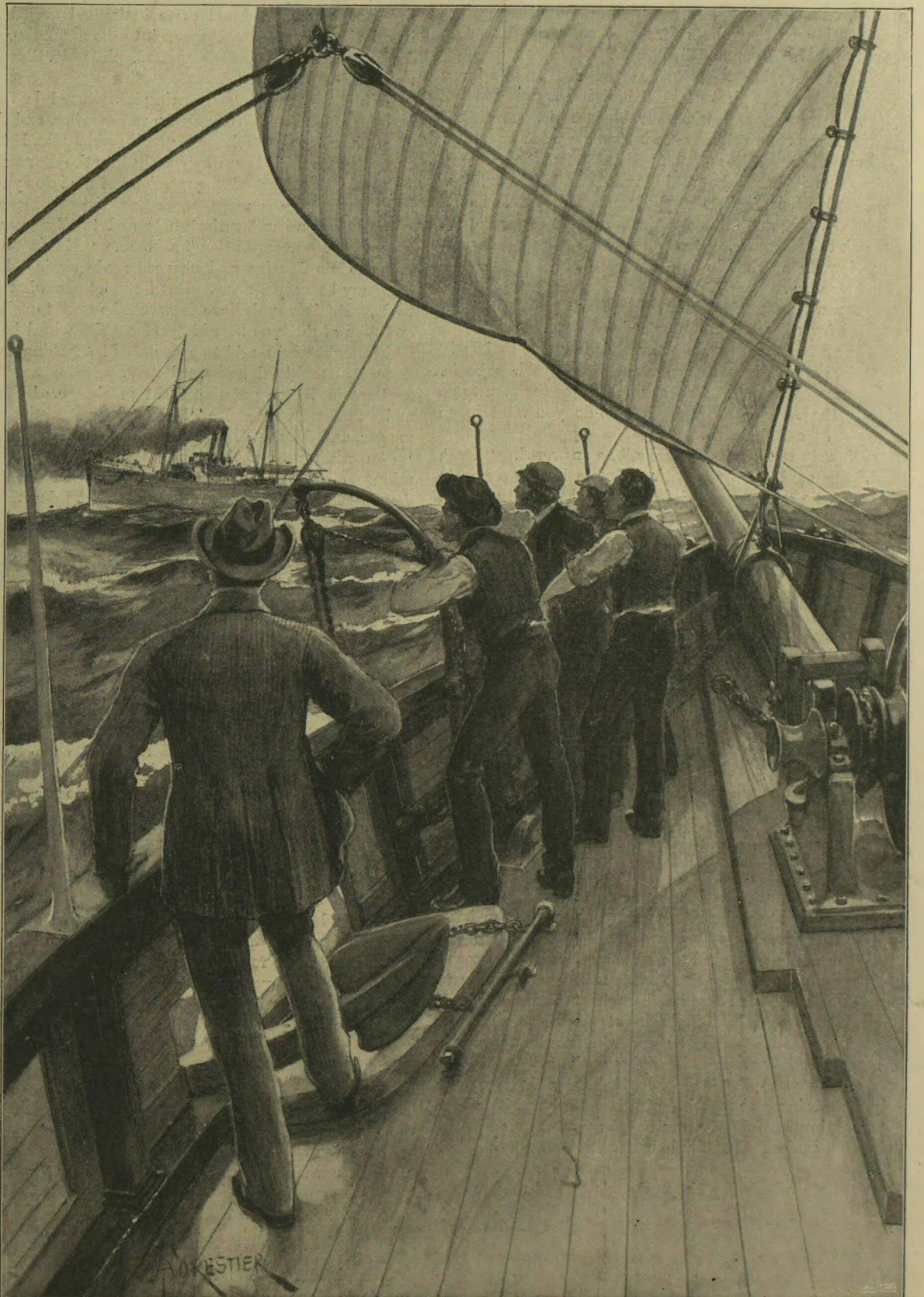
which was in course of preparation, was almost entirely forgotten by those who had it in charge, and everybody who could possibly leave duty crowded to the rail, peering across the waves to the southward. It was not long before Shirley, who had the best eyes on board, declared that he could read with his glass the name *Dunkery Beacon* on the port bow.

"That's not where we ought to see it," cried Burke;

"we ought to see it on the stern! But we've got her, boys!"—and then he remembered himself, and added—"ladies; and now let's give three good cheers!"

Three rousing cheers were given by all on board with such good-will that they would have been heard on the other steamer had not the wind been pretty strong from the west.

The *Summer Shelter* gained upon the larger vessel, and



There was a strong breeze and a good deal of sea, but Burke determined to get near enough to hail the "*Dunkery Beacon*" and speak to her.

Burke now ran up signals for her to lay to, as he wished to speak with her. To these signals, however, the *Dunkery* paid no immediate attention, keeping steadily on, although altering her course towards the south-east.

"What does that mean, Mr. Shirley?" asked Mrs. Cliff. "Mr. Burke wants her to stop, doesn't he?"

"Yes," said Shirley, "that is what the signal is for."

"But she doesn't stop," said Mrs. Cliff. "Do you think there is any chance of her not stopping at all?"

"Can't say, Madam," he answered. "But she's got good reason for keeping on her way—a vessel with all that treasure on board could hardly be expected to lay to because a strange vessel that she knows nothing about asked her to shut off steam."

"That seems to me very reasonable indeed," said Mr. Litchfield, who was standing by. "But it would be very bad fortune if, after all the trouble and anxiety you have had in overtaking this vessel, she should decline to stop and hear the news we have to tell."

There was a strong breeze and a good deal of sea, but Burke determined to get near enough to hail the *Dunkery Beacon* and speak to her. So he got around on her weather quarter, and, easily overtaking her, he brought the *Summer Shelter* as near to the other vessel as he considered it safe to do. Then he hailed her, "*Dunkery Beacon*, ahoy! Is that Captain Hagar?"

The wind was too strong for the Captain of the other vessel to answer through his trumpet, but he signalled assent. Then Burke informed him that he wished him to lay to in order that he might send a boat on board; that he had very important orders to Captain Hagar from his owners, and that he had followed him from Jamaica in order to deliver them. For some time there was no answer whatever to these loudly bellowed remarks, and the two vessels kept on side by side.

"Anyway," said Burke to Mr. Burdette, "she can see that we're a lot faster than she is, and that she can't get away from us!"

"It may be that she's afraid of us," said the mate, "and thinks we're one of the pirates."

"That can't be," said Burke, "for she doesn't know anything about the pirates! I'll hail her again, and tell her what we are, and what our business is. I think it won't be long before she lays to just to see what we want."

Sure enough, in less than fifteen minutes the *Dunkery Beacon* signalled that she would lay to, and before long the two vessels, their engines stopped and their heads to the wind, lay rising and falling on the waves, and near enough to speak to each other.

"Now, then, what do you want?" shouted the Captain of the *Dunkery*.

"I want to send a boat aboard with an important message from Blackburn."

After a few minutes the answer came, "Send a boat!"

Orders were given to lower one of the yacht's boats, and it was agreed that Shirley ought to be the man to go over to the *Dunkery Beacon*. "Who do you want to go with you?" asked Burke.

"Nobody but the boat's crew," he answered. "I can explain things better by myself. Captain Hagar seems to be an obstinate fellow, and it won't be easy to turn him back on his course. But if I want anybody to stand by me and back me up in what I say, you might let some of the clergymen come over. He might believe them, and wouldn't me. But I'll talk to him first by myself."

Every member of the synod declared that he was perfectly willing to go to the other vessel if he should be needed, and Mrs. Cliff assured Burke that if she could be of any good in making the Captain of the *Dunkery Beacon* understand that he ought to turn back she would be perfectly willing to be rowed over to his vessel.

"I don't think it will be necessary to put a lady into a boat on such a sea as this," said Burke. "But when he hears what Shirley has to tell him, that Captain will most likely be glad enough to turn back!"

Captain Burke was afraid to trust any of his clerical crew to row a ship's boat on such a heavy sea, and although he would be perfectly willing to go himself as one of the oarsmen, he would not leave the yacht so long, as Mrs. Cliff was on board; but Mr. Burdette, the sailing-master, and the assistant engineer volunteered as crew of the boat, while Shirley himself pulled an oar.

When the boat reached the *Dunkery Beacon*, Shirley was soon on board, while the three men in the boat, holding to a line which had been thrown them, kept their little craft from bumping against the side of the big steamer by pushing her off with their oars. On board the *Summer Shelter* everybody stood and gazed over the rail, staring at the other steamer, as if they could hear with their eyes what was being said on board of her. After waiting about twenty minutes, a note was passed down to the men in the boat, who pushed off and rode back with it to the *Summer Shelter*.

The note, which Captain Burke opened and read as soon as he could lay hold of it, ran as follows—

"To Captain Burke, of the *Summer Shelter*.

"It's my opinion that you're trying to play a beastly trick on me! It isn't like my owners to send a message to me off the coast of South America. If they wanted to send me a message it would have been waiting for me at Kingston. I don't know what sort of a trick you are trying to play on me, but you can't do it. I know my duties, and I'm going

to keep on to my port. And what's more, I'm not going to send back the man you sent aboard of me. I'll take him with me to Rio Janeiro and hand him over to the authorities. They'll know what to do with him; but I don't intend to send him back to report to you whatever he was sent aboard my vessel to find out. I don't know how you came to think I had treasure on board, but it's none of your business anyway. You must think I'm a fool to turn back to Kingston because you tell me to. Anybody can write a telegram. So I'm going to get under way, and you can steam back to Kingston or wherever you came from."

"CAPTAIN HAGAR."

Captain Burke had hardly finished reading this extraordinary letter when he heard a cry from the boat lying by the side of the yacht, in which the three men were waiting, expecting to go back to the other vessel with an answer. "Hallo!" cried Mr. Burdette, "she's getting under way! That steamer's off!"

And at this a shout arose from everybody on board the *Summer Shelter*. The propeller of the *Dunkery Beacon* was stirring the water at her stern, and she was moving away, her bow turned southward. Burke leaned over the rail, shouted to his men to get on board and haul up the boat, and then he gave orders to go ahead full speed.

"What does all this mean?" cried Mrs. Cliff. "What's in that letter, Mr. Burke? Are they running away with Mr. Shirley?"

"That's what it looks like!" he cried. "But here's the letter. You can all read it for yourselves!" and with that he dashed away to take charge of his vessel.

All now was wild excitement on board the *Summer Shelter*; but what was to be done, or with what intention they were pursuing the *Dunkery Beacon* and rapidly gaining on her, no one could say, not even Captain Burke himself. The yacht was keeping on the weather quarter of the other vessel, and when she was near enough, he began again to yell at her through his speaking-trumpet, but no answer or signal came back, and everybody on board the larger vessel seemed to be attending to his duties as if nothing had happened, while Mr. Shirley was not visible.

While the Captain was roaring himself red in the face, both Mrs. Cliff and Willy Croup were crying, and the face of each clergyman showed great anxiety and trouble. Presently Mrs. Cliff was approached by the Reverend Mr. Arbuckle, the oldest of the members of the late synod who had shipped with her.

"This is a most unfortunate and totally unexpected outcome of our expedition," said he. "If Mr. Shirley is taken to Rio Janeiro, and charges made against him, his case may be very serious. But I cannot see what we are to do. Don't you believe it would be well to call a consultation of those on board?" Mrs. Cliff wiped her eyes, and thought they ought to consult. If anything could be done, it should be done immediately.

Captain Burke put the yacht in charge of the mate, and came aft where five of the clergymen, the sailing-master, and Mrs. Cliff and Willy were gathered together. "I'm willing to hold council," said he, "but at this minute I can't give any advice as to what ought to be done. The only thing I can say is that I don't want to desert Shirley. If I could do it I would board that vessel and take him off, but I don't see my way clear to that just yet. I'm not owner of this yacht, but if Mrs. Cliff will give the word, I'll follow that steamer to Rio Janeiro; and if Shirley is put on shore and charges made against him, I'll be there to stand by him."

"Of course, we will not desert Mr. Shirley!" cried Mrs. Cliff. "This yacht shall follow that vessel until we can take him on board again. I can't feel it in my heart, gentlemen, to say to you that I'm willing to turn back and take you home if you want to go. It may be very hard to keep you longer, but it would be a great deal harder if we were to let the Captain of that ship take poor Mr. Shirley to Rio Janeiro and put him into prison without anybody to say a word for him."

"Madam," said Mr. Arbuckle, "I beg that you will not speak of the question of an immediate return on our account. This is in every way a most unfortunate affair; but we all see what ought to be done, what it is our duty to do, and we will do it! Can you give me an idea, Mr. Portman, of the length of time it would probably require for us to reach Rio Janeiro?"

"I think this yacht could get there in a week," said the sailing-master; "but, if we're to keep company with that hulk over there, it will take us ten days. We may have trouble about coal, but, if we have good winds like these, we can keep up with the *Dunkery Beacon* with half steam and our sails."

"Mr. Litchfield," said Mrs. Cliff, "the Captain is up in the pilot-house. I can't climb up there, but won't you go and tell him that I say that we must stand by Mr. Shirley no matter what happens nor where we have to go to!"

XI.

"WE'LL STICK TO SHIRLEY!"

When night began to fall the *Dunkery Beacon* was still keeping on her course—a little too much to the eastward, Mr. Portman thought—and the *Summer Shelter* was still accompanying her almost abreast, and less than half a mile away. During the day it had been seldom that the glasses

of the yacht had not been directed upon the deck of the larger vessel. Several times Mr. Shirley had been seen on the main deck, and he had frequently waved his hat. It was encouraging to know that their friend was in good condition, but there were many hearts on board the *Summer Shelter* which grew heavier and heavier as the night came on.

Burke and Burdette stood together in the pilot-house. "Suppose she gets away from us in the night," said the mate.

"I don't intend to let her do it," replied the Captain. "Even if she douses every glim on board, I'll keep her in sight! It will be starlight, and I'm not afraid, with a vessel as easily managed as this yacht, to lie pretty close to her."

"There's another thing," said Burdette.

"You're thinking they may get rid of him?" asked Burke.

"Yes," said the other, "I was thinking of that."

The Captain did not reply immediately.

"That came across my mind, too," said he; "but it's all nonsense! In the first place, they haven't got any reason for wanting to get rid of him that way; and, besides, they know that if they went into Rio Janeiro without Shirley, we would make it very hot for them!"

"But he's a queer one—that Captain Hagar!" said Burdette. "What was he doing on that easterly course? I think he's a scaly customer—that's what I think!"

"Can't say anything about that," answered Burke. "But one thing I know—I'm going to stick to him like a thrasher to a whale!"

Very early the next morning Mr. Hodgson came aft where Captain Burke was standing with the sailing-master. "Sir," said he, "I am a clergyman and a man of peace, but I declare, Sir, that I do not think anyone, no matter what his profession, should feel himself called upon to submit to the outrageous conduct of the Captain of that vessel! Is there no way in which we can approach her and make fast to her, and then boldly press our way on board in spite of objection or resistance, and by force, if it should be necessary, bring away Mr. Shirley, whose misfortune has made us all feel as if he were not only our friend but our brother? Then, Sir, I should let that vessel go on to destruction if she chooses to go."

Burke shook his head. "You may be sure, if I considered it safe to run the two vessels together, I would have been on board that craft long ago! But we couldn't do it—certainly not with Mrs. Cliff on the yacht!"

"No, indeed!" added Mr. Portman. "Nobody knows what damage they might do us. For my part, I haven't any faith in that vessel. I believe she's no better than a pirate herself!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Burke. "Don't talk like that! It wouldn't do for the women to get any such notions into their heads!"

"But it is in your head, isn't it, Sir?" said Mr. Hodgson.

"Yes," said Burke, "something of the sort. I don't mind saying that to you."

"And I will also say to you," replied the young clergyman, "that we talked it over last night, and we all agreed that the actions of the *Dunkery Beacon* are very suspicious. It does not seem at all unlikely that the great treasure she carries has been too much of a temptation for the Captain, and that she is trying to get away with it."

"Of course I don't know anything about that Captain," said Burke, "or what he is after, but I'm pretty sure that he won't dare to do anything to Shirley as long as I keep him in sight. And now I'm going to bear down on him again to hail him!"

The *Summer Shelter* bore down upon the other steamer, and her Captain hailed and hailed for half-an-hour, but no answer came from the *Dunkery Beacon*.

Willy Croup was so troubled by what had happened, and even more by what was not happening—for she could not see any good which might come out of this persistent following of the one vessel by the other—that her nerves disordered and tangled themselves to such a degree that she was scarcely able to cook.

But Mrs. Cliff kept up a strong heart. She felt that a great deal depended upon her. At any moment an emergency might arise when she would be called upon, as owner of the yacht, to decide what should be done. She hoped very earnestly that if the Captain of the *Dunkery Beacon* saw that the *Summer Shelter* was determined to follow him wherever he went, and whatever he might do, he would at last get tired of being nagged in that way and consent to give up Mr. Shirley.

About eight o'clock in the morning all belief in the minds of the men on board the yacht that the *Dunkery Beacon* intended to sail to Rio Janeiro entirely disappeared, for that steamer changed her course to one considerably north of east. A little after that a steamer was seen on the horizon to the north, and she was bearing southward. In the course of half an hour it seemed as if this new steamer was not only likely to run across the course of the *Dunkery Beacon*, but was trying to do it.

"Captain," exclaimed Mrs. Cliff, grasping Burke by the arm, "don't you think it looks very much as if that Captain Hagar was trying to run away with the treasure which has been entrusted to him?"

"I didn't intend to say anything to you about that," he replied; "but it looks like it most decidedly!"

"If that should be the case," said Mrs. Cliff, "don't you think Mr. Shirley's situation is very dangerous?"

"Nobody knows anything about that, Madam," said he; "but until we get him back on this yacht I'll stick to her!"

Burke could not make out the new-comer very well, but he knew her to be a Mediterranean steamer. She was of moderate size, and making good headway. "I haven't the least bit of doubt," said he to Burdette, "that that's the pirate vessel from Genoa!"

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right!" said the mate, taking the glass. "I think I can see a lot of heads in her bow, and now I wonder what is going to happen next!"

"That nobody knows," said Burke; "but if I had Shirley on board here, I'd steam away and let them have it out. We have done all we're called upon to do to keep those Peruvian fools from losing that cargo of gold!"

The strange vessel drew nearer and nearer to the *Dunkery Beacon*, and the two steamers, much to the amazement of the watchers on the yacht, now lay to and seemed prepared to hail each other. They did hail, and after a short time a boat was lowered from the stranger, and

direction, nearly everybody could see that another steamer, her hull well up in view, was coming down from the north.

"By George!" cried Burke; "most likely that's another of the pirates."

"And if it is," said the mate, "I think we'll have to trust to our heels."

Burke answered quietly, "Yes, we'll do that when we've got Shirley on board, or when it's dead sure we can't get him."

The people from the Mediterranean steamer did not remain on board the *Dunkery Beacon* more than half an hour, and when they returned to their vessel she immediately started her engines and began to move away. Making a short circuit, she turned and steamed in the direction of the distant vessel approaching from the northward.

"There," cried Burke, "that steamer off there is another of the pirates, and these scoundrels here are going to meet her. They've got the whole thing cut and dried, and I'll bet my head that the *Dunkery Beacon* will cruise around here until they're ready to come down and do what they please with her!"

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Armagh was received with great enthusiasm when he took the chair at the meeting of the Church Army last week, the occasion being his first public appearance in London since he became Irish Primate. Dr. Alexander made a delightful speech, full of genial humour, and the large gathering of people interested in the work of the Army was gratified by the treasurer's announcement that the income of the organisation had during the past year risen from £54,000 to £71,000.

The parishioners of East Brent are now brought face to face with the forthcoming departure of Prebendary Denison, the late Archdeacon Denison's nephew and curate, for whom they desired the vacant benefice. Prebendary Denison has accepted the living of St. Michael and All Angels, a large parish in North Kensington, where he will have the assistance of another former curate of East Brent.

The Bampton Lecturer at Oxford for next year will be the head of Pusey House, the Rev. R. L. Ottley. Mr. Ottley has been a leading Churchman in Oxford for some years. He was at one time Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, but was made Head of Pusey House



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.—INSIDE THE LAAGER, BULUWAYO: COFFEE AT 3.30 A.M.

From a Sketch by Mr. David Powell.

pulled to the *Dunkery Beacon*. There were but few men in the boat, although there were many heads on the decks from which they had come.

"This beats me!" ejaculated Burke. "They seem willing enough to lay to for her!"

"It looks to me," said Mr. Burdette, "as if she wanted to be captured!"

"I'd like to know," said the Captain, "what's the meaning of that queer bit of blotched bunting that's been run up on the *Dunkery*?"

"Can't tell," said the other; "but there's another one like it on the other steamer!"

"My friends," said Mr. Arbuckle, standing in a group of his fellow-clergymen on the main deck, "it is my earnest opinion that those two ships are accomplices in a great crime."

"If that be so," said another, "we are here in the position of utterly helpless witnesses. But we should not allow ourselves to look on this business from one point of view only. It may be that the intentions of that recently arrived vessel are perfectly honourable. She may bring later orders from the owners of the *Dunkery Beacon*, and bring them too with more authority than did Mr. Shirley, who, after all, was only a volunteer!"

The yacht was lying to, and at this moment the look-out announced a sail on the starboard quarter. Glancing in that

The actions of the treasure-ship now seemed to indicate that Mr. Burke was correct in his surmises. She steamed away slowly toward the south, and then, making a wide sweep, she steered northward, directing her course toward the yacht, as if she would speak with it.

(To be continued.)

The annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Institution was held on May 9, at the Hôtel Métropole, the chair being occupied by Mr. C. Stuart Wortley, M.P. The company included many of the leading artists of the day. The object of this excellent institution is the relief of those who have fallen on evil times, and the widows and orphans of artists, and an idea of the good work of the society may be formed from the fact that during the past year some £3800 has been distributed to deserving cases.

During the progress of the Education Bill through Parliament Roman Catholic interests are being carefully watched by a special committee under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond were each recently requested by Cardinal Vaughan to nominate one member to serve on this committee. Mr. Redmond nominated Mr. Carew, and assured the Cardinal that the committee would have the full support of the Parnellite party in any amendments that it might see fit to bring forward. Mr. Dillon, by the general desire of the Nationalist members, represents his party himself.

when Canon Gore left. He is also a Fellow of Magdalen. The Bampton Lecturer is elected each year by the heads of colleges, but it is stated that no appointment will be made for the year 1898, owing to the depression of the funds available for the office.

The Church of England is to be represented at the coronation ceremony at Moscow by the Bishop of Peterborough, who has been deputed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the sanction of the Queen.

The death of the Rev. H. D. Pearson, Vicar of St. James's, Clapton, at the age of seventy-four, has removed a parish priest long honoured in the north-east of London, who had for some time past been cut off from active work by paralysis. Before his last sad illness Mr. Pearson was well known by the good work which he did in the cause of education, while he was for some years a prominent member of the London School Board. He was an Oxford man of scholarly attainments and a staunch High Churchman of the old school.

Following close upon the celebration of Dr. Maclaren's jubilee comes a fitting commemoration of the sixtieth year of Dr. Newman Hall's ministerial life and his attainment (on May 22) of his eightieth birthday. The occasion will naturally be held in great honour by Dr. Hall's many friends, and by none more heartily than by the champions of the temperance cause, to which he has rendered signal service.

THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIAL EXHIBITION AT BUDAPEST.



1. Historic Buildings. 2. Forestry Pavilion. 3. Carriage Pavilion. 4. Pavilion of Commerce. 5. Pavilion of the Archduke Joseph.

THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. Last.



1. The Shah's favourite Hunting Seat, four miles east of Teheran.
2. The Artillery Square, Teheran, with its surrounding Barracks.

3. The Shah seated on the Diamond Throne of Akbar.
4. The Shah's Harem, seen from the Court of the Palace, Teheran.

5. The Shah on a Visit to the Schimran Garden, at the Foot of the Elburz Mountains, north of Teheran.

LITERATURE.

Once again in her new novel, *Madelon* (Osgood, Melville, and Co.), Miss Mary E. Wilkins lays her plot within the narrow world of the New England village the life of which her readers feel instinctively that she portrays with masterly skill and fidelity; but the world is not so narrow as it was. In her last novel, "Pembroke," Miss Wilkins proved that when she chose to paint on a less limited canvas she could endow her villagers with a larger humanity and the throb of stronger emotions than had come within the scheme of the sombre little vignettes by which she first won fame. And now, in the most recent and most successfully sustained of her longer novels, the quiet, pinched, village life forms but an effective background for the strong passions that have their being around the stormy love-story of Madelon Hautville. Madelon's love is won and cast aside by a young yeoman, Burr Gordon, who thinks to combine social advantage with his far less ardent affection for Dorothy Fair, the minister's daughter, a dainty, doll-like creature. In a scene of considerable power, the jilted Madelon, her Iroquois blood maddened by insult, stabs a man whom she believes to be her faithless lover, but discovers in the next moment to be his cousin Lot. Burr Gordon is arrested for the crime, and takes it on himself to shield the woman he still loves. Madelon proclaims herself guilty, but in vain. No one credits her with aught but a desire to shield her former lover. The complications that ensue are wrought out with much naturalness. Madelon's high-spirited efforts to exculpate the man who for her sake will not help himself; her bargain to marry the wounded Lot if he will proclaim his cousin's innocence; her ultimate release from this promise and final union with Burr, after he has been jilted by the shallow Dorothy, form a series of situations which are absorbing in their interest. Madelon herself is a finely drawn character, instinct with nobility, yet touched with a certain hardness which is part of her strength. One could wish her to be more gentle towards the consumptive Lot—more patient of his love and his strange, bookish talk; but it is not Miss Wilkins's way to idealise even her heroine. Lot is a pathetic figure throughout, and very touching is his act of self-destruction as a final proof to the enemies of Madelon and her husband that his former wound was inflicted by himself. "Madelon" is a work of much beauty and originality. It is distinguished by all its author's wonted spiritual insight and subtle skill in the delineation of character, but it has also a strength, a poignant passion, and a dramatic effectiveness which give promise of yet finer accomplishment in the future.

Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes by Robert Louis Stevenson. With Illustrations by T. Hamilton Crawford. (Seeley and Co.)—The late R. L. Stevenson's father was the author of some "Annals of Edinburgh," and one of the very earliest of his son's acknowledged writings had for its subject his native city, the present and the past of which few have ever known better than he did. In its first form it appeared in the *Portfolio* during 1878; in the following year it was published separately in a thin folio as "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes by Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of 'An Inland Voyage,'" which also had appeared in 1878. According to the title-page the illustrations consisted of "Etchings by A. Brunet-Debaines, from drawings by S. Bough, R.S.A., and W. S. Lockhart, and vignettes by Hector Chalmers and R. Kent Thomas." The text of the work is reprinted without illustrations in the collective edition of Stevenson's works now in course of publication. In a new and sumptuous edition now issued by Messrs. Seeley, the firm which published that of 1879, the original illustrations are superseded by Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford's fine drawings of "Edinburgh, Old and New." Although the reviewers spoke favourably of the "Inland Voyage"—sketches of French scenery and provincial manners—they generally ignored the "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh." Yet these displayed all the qualities of head and heart, all the literary skill which made Stevenson's other writings popular and himself famous—his descriptive power, the penetrating insight into human nature which never impaired his catholic sympathy with it, his humour and his pathos, both equally subdued. His sympathetic sketches of the external aspects of Wordsworth's "stately Edinburgh throned on crags" and Tennyson's "grey metropolis of the North," and his characteristics of its varied population, will doubtless now receive the appreciation which has long been due to them.

Gabriel Setoun, understood to be a *nom de guerre*, is already known as a contributor to what has been called, more contemptuously than aptly, the "Literature of the Kailyard." His "Barnraig" and its sequel, "Sunshine and Haar," consisted of short stories and sketches descriptive of life and character in a Scottish mining village. He essays a higher flight in *Robert Urquhart* (Bliss, Sands, and Foster), which is one continuous fiction with a complicated plot. The hero is an Edinburgh youth engaged in teaching, after a University career. Worned of town life and of the "education factories," as he calls them, of the Scottish capital, he quits both to become the teacher of a parish school in a quiet Scottish country town. The originals among its rustic population are cleverly sketched, and pathos is lent to the village life by a venerable pair who drugged and saved to send their worthless son to college in Edinburgh, where his dissipation is long concealed from them, and when discovered breaks their hearts. The heroine is a high-spirited Scotch girl, who at first looks down on the

dominie, but in time duly succumbs to his merits and attractions. They marry, when, deserting the trade of schoolmaster in Scotland, he becomes a successful London journalist, which some young Scottish novelists of to-day appear to regard as the height of human felicity. There is talent and there is promise in "Robert Urquhart."

Numberless have been the lineal literary descendants of Don Quixote besides Uncle Toby, and of Sancho Panza besides Partridge; but of the union of the Knight and Squire together there has been but one child, immortal as his parents—*Tartarin of Tarascon*, of whose Algerian adventures Messrs. Dent have lately issued a handsome illustrated edition. Daudet, in his apostrophe to Cervantes, has made an immense but indisputable claim for "Tartarin": "O Miguel Cervantes Saavedra, if what is asserted be true—to wit, that wherever great men have dwelt some emanation of their spirits wanders until the end of ages, then what remained of your essence on the Barbary coast must have quivered with glee on beholding Tartarin of Tarascon disembark, that marvellous type of the French Southerner, in whom was embodied both heroes of your work, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza." In Tartarin you have the very distilled essence of the Gascon, and it has upon you the effect of a wine which fills the heart with the sunshine that ripened the grape it was pressed from. It is hardly too high a compliment to the illustrations of this



Photo Nolman, Montreal.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. I.—MISS MARY E. WILKINS.

Born about thirty years ago in the village of Randolph, Massachusetts, Miss Wilkins made her first success some seven years ago with a collection of stories entitled "A Humble Romance." Two other volumes of short stories, "A Far-Away Melody" and "A New England Nun," confirmed her reputation by their pathos and charm and their faithful portrayal of the quiet country life of New England. More recently Miss Wilkins has won a larger public with her longer novels, "Jane Field" and "Pembroke." Her latest story, "Madelon," is reviewed on this page.

new edition to say that they are as exquisitely humorous as the text of which they double your enjoyment.

Those who regret the defeat of the "Christian" Hovas cannot do better than read the *Times* correspondent's experiences of that "childlike and bland" people—*Madagascar in War Time* (Longmans and Co.). It gives a like answer to that made by Artemus Ward to those who regretted that "the Indians were being driven nearer and nearer to the setting sun." "It's rather rough on the setting sun, but I'm rejected to hear it." These Hovas are, in fact, such indefatigable frauds that they might well welcome Christianity as an additional vent for the overflow of their exuberant hypocrisy. They are, besides—*teste* Mr. Knight—boastful, cowardly, and cruel beyond belief; while their greed is such that officers invariably sold the bodies of their own slain soldiers to their relatives for interment! When a Hova is slain in battle, his relatives must cut the flesh off his bones and carry his skeleton—or, at the very least, his shoulder-blades—to the sacred burial-ground of Imerina, on pain of eternal trouble of some sort to the soul. But not a shoulder-blade could be taken from the battle-field without ransom paid to some officer! By-the-way, a Hova corpse insists on its annual change of air as rigorously as a British matron. "It is the ghastly custom, once a year, for relatives to remove their dead from their tombs, and, after holding a drunken wake over the mouldering corpses, to take them to other tombs; the change of residence, they affirm, being agreeable to the uneasy ghosts."

A well-written biography of *Dr. Callaway, First Bishop for Kaffraria* (Macmillan and Co.) reminds us how far we

have travelled theologically since this worthy missionary sided with Gray against Colenso. Who now can even imagine the storm raised by Colenso's matter-of-fact criticisms, or by the academic speculations of "Essays and Reviews"? Or, for that matter, who now can help smiling at Dr. Callaway's defence of eternal punishment on the odd and original ground "that it may be and probably is as great an exhibition of love as forgiveness"? This is the precious balsam of the righteous breaking one's head with a vengeance! Dr. Callaway is more up to date in his views of the difference in effectiveness between the Boer and the British treatment of the Kaffir. "The Dutch made bondmen of them. And it is a curious fact that a feeling is growing among the natives that it is easier to live with the Dutch and to please them than the English, who exact nothing by mere power and pay them for their labour. We do not exercise power enough over them." An unexpected opinion from a Bishop of Kaffraria, but consistent with the view that eternal punishment is an exhibition of love. The life of a man who was bred a Churchman, turned Quaker, became a doctor, and finally relapsed into the Church, and was consecrated to a colonial see, is naturally interesting, and Miss Benham has worked up her materials with excellent effect.

An opportune, popular, and surprisingly interesting account contributed by naval officers of life and work in the Navy is to be found in *The White Ensign* (Roy and Co.). With every page your admiration of the discipline, intelligence, and devotion of our bluejackets is deepened. We had almost added heroism, after coming upon the statement that there is no life more really liked by the officers and men of the Navy than that on board a torpedo-boat. Yet to be sea-sick during an earthquake in the Black Hole of Calcutta is the idea you get from this enthusiast's description of life on board a torpedo-boat in a rough sea.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. are to be congratulated on the delightful manner in which they have presented us with a one-volume edition of Mr. George Meredith's "The Amazing Marriage." It makes in every respect one of the most perfect one-volume novels that I have yet seen, and other publishers might model some of their books upon it with great advantage. I await with the keener interest the new edition of Mr. George Meredith's novels which Messrs. Constable have promised us. This edition, by the way, contrary to what has been stated, will be absolutely complete, as Messrs. Constable have purchased from Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden the copyright of "The Tragic Comedians," the only one of Mr. Meredith's novels which had not been retained by the author in his own hands. The *Westminster Gazette*, however, must have exercised a vivid imagination in stating that 50,000 copies of the new edition of "The Amazing Marriage" have already been sold. I wish it were true.

"The Tragic Comedians" appeared first in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1880, and, with considerable enlargements, was published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in two small volumes in the same year. The copyright of the book, however, passed to Messrs. Ward and Lock a few months later, with a batch of other novels. In America it has long been included by Messrs. Roberts Brothers in their uniform edition of Mr. Meredith's stories, and I should have regretted its absence from the edition which Messrs. Constable have promised us.

It is to be hoped that, should by any chance a one-volume edition of Mr. George Meredith's poetry be included in the new set of his works, he will be persuaded to provide us with both versions of "Love in a Valley." This, one of the most beautiful poems that Victorian literature has produced, first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for 1878. It was reprinted from there by Mr. Locker-Lampson in his "Patchwork," and the author revised it for inclusion in his "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth" in 1883. Mr. Meredith is, no doubt, persuaded—as are all poets who revise their verses—that the later form of the poem is the better of the two. Some of us do not think so. In any case, the pleasantest way of arranging the matter would be to see both forms in a new edition of Mr. Meredith's verse.

The fact that Mr. William Maxe Meredith, the only son of the novelist, has become a partner in the firm of A. Constable and Co. may perhaps partly explain the issue of Mr. Meredith's novels by that firm. In any case, Mr. William Meredith may be congratulated on adopting an occupation scarcely less pleasant than authorship itself, and far more profitable.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Life of John Gibson Lockhart" will be published by Nimmo in October. The book, which will emphasise Lockhart's gifts as an artist by producing a number of prints, promises to add largely to our knowledge of Scott as well as of his son-in-law.

Mr. Bliss Carman, the accomplished author of "Songs of Vagabondia," has just come to Europe from Boston, U.S.A. He is at present in Paris, but will spend some time in London.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Search for the Golden Girl," which, from certain proof-sheets I have seen, I judge to be by far his best work, will be published by John Lane in September next.

C. K. S.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Of all tattle I prefer the "shop" of the garrulous collector, his tales of rare bargains and romantic discoveries. Count Michel Tyskiewicz is bringing forth his treasures of anecdote in a journal which few but *savants* read, the *Revue Archéologique*. There was an Athene by Phidias, Athene Lemnia—lost, of course. But Mr. Story Maskelyne has an intaglio in chalcedony—reproducing the head; it was bought from a small boy near Smyrna for one franc. The date of the gem is the age of Augustus. This bargain is chronicled by Herr Furtwängler—not by the learned and lucky Count Michel Tyskiewicz. When he began, the Count bought gems to the tune of £5000. Three-fourths of them were modern! He sold the lot to Castellani for £1200. Castellani rejected the obviously false, kept the dubious, added a few, and sold the lot to the British Museum. What does Mr. A. S. Murray say to this bargain, made before his time? I do not think Mr. Murray would be an easy victim of *pierres douteuses*. Once, when

A splendid cameo head of Medusa, in the Count's collection, was originally sold by its finder for a few sous: he did not know what it was, and took it for the foot of an old *scaldino*. Sir John Evans has a magnificent large cameo of Medusa in onyx, more or less reproduced in the frontispiece of "She" (the novel). I know not if this was originally in the Count's collection; it was said to have been dredged out of the Tiber.

Possibly there are two examples. A huge and very rare silver medal of Priscus Attalus was vended for a few sous; the seller thought it was a piece of lead, the buyer *ne se piquait pas de délicatesse*. Why were we not all collectors then, when the vintager brought out pocketfuls of coins and cameos? 'Tis gone.

Messrs. Longmans have published Willie Park's "Game of Golf," and, if anything can teach a man or woman to play golf, it should be this work. The game, I confess, is "a link too many for me," to borrow a phrase from the kindred sport of knur and spell. I have read all the golf

up." "Some of our best players have had very quick swings, but none of them, at any stage of their career, have had, to my knowledge, a 'slow back' style." The phrase, "slow back," really means, "don't jerk the swing." Willie hits my fault—I mean in driving, for I have all the faults: "When the club goes up they pull themselves into an erect position, and when it comes down they bend forward." It is a cricketer's error, "and is absolutely fatal to accuracy." It is, indeed. As to "Mr. Laidlay's position in putting," Mr. Laidlay would putt just as well in any other position. "Putting is an inspiration," and Mr. Laidlay is inspired. "One should steadfastly decline to hold conversations," says Park. That is just what I complain of. At golf and whist I like to converse.

Park rightly conjectures that "Fore!" means "Before." There is a story in Knox, I think, of men who, firing a cannon in one of the frays of the Reformation, chivalrously warned all and sundry by yelling "Before!" These men must have been golfers. The question is absurdly asked



Photo Russell and Son.

COLONEL H. M. L. RUNDLE.

Served in the Zulu War of 1879, in the actions of 1881 against the Boers, and in the Egyptian campaign of 1882; commanded Bedouin warriors in aid of Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition, and the Mounted Corps at Ginnis, Sarra, and Toski in 1889.



Photo Bassano.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD HUNTER.

The commanding officer of the garrison at Akasheh served in Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition. Was subsequently engaged with the Egyptian Frontier Field Force. Wounded at Ginnis and at Toski. Has since been military commander on the shores of the Red Sea.



Photo Wyrall.

MAJOR J. F. BURN-MURDOCH.

Is an officer of the Royal Dragoons, commanding the cavalry of the Egyptian Army, and led the cavalry charge against the Dervishes near Akasheh on May 1. Served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and was subsequently a Brigade-Major of cavalry in England.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THREE PROMINENT OFFICERS.



Photo Lombardi.

LIEUTENANT C. B. STRUTT.

An officer of the Mashonaland Mounted Police who was wounded at Insezi. Is a Lieutenant of the 4th Royal Irish Militia, and went to South Africa eighteen months ago. Took part in Jameson's raid, but escaped to Bulawayo after its defeat.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. JAMES DAWSON.

A well-known pioneer and trader in Mashonaland, who has gained the position of Captain by his services against the revolted Matabili. On April 11 he maintained a most plucky defence of a laager against a large force of the insurgents.



Photo J. Edwards.

THE LATE MR. J. W. M. LUMSDEN.

One of the brave "Captains" of English volunteer defenders of the Chartered Company's settlements. Was well known in South Africa, where his death, from the effect of an amputation of the leg shattered by a bullet at Shiloh, is much regretted.

THE MATABILI INSURRECTION: MEN WHO HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES.

I was young, I bought a signed head of Paris, in paste, for an antique. The signature, in Greek characters, turned out to be that of Pichler—the German.

Abbati was an unlucky dealer. He bought for pleasure and sold with regret. On his death his ignorant heirs disposed of his gems in "lots" of ten or twenty, arranged by sizes. What a golden opportunity for the collector! The Count speaks of this sale as Davy Jones may speak of the Deluge: never was such luck. An old porter, Checco, used then to prowl in the vineyards near Rome and pick up gems like "chucky stones" for number. The husbandmen sold them to him for a few *soldi*, and he did not raise the price much on the amateur. "Pourquoi n'étiez vous là, Crillon?" the modern collector may cry.

Antiques were then so common that it scarcely paid to forge them. A poor fellow was importuned by a peasant who wanted to sell a bronze disk. He paid twopence-halfpenny to get rid of the man. He happened to keep tapping the disk with the key of his room in an hotel. Suddenly the disk opened; it was a bronze box, solidified by the patina, and containing a rare, fresh, and splendid silver medal of Hadrian. A dealer paid forty pounds for it, and sold it to the Count for one hundred and twenty pounds. This is a large profit on twopence-halfpenny.

books and helped to write several of them, and am nothing the better, but rather the worse. It seems to me that cerebral activity is incompatible with golf. The mind must be persistently bent on the ball and allowed no excursions into the charms of nature, the romance of history, the beauties of the fair sex, the local botany, the songs of larks, Biblical criticism, or anything alien to golf. Now, my mind, what there is of it, will scatter itself; perhaps go hunting after all the poems on skylarks, Hogg's, Shelley's, Mr. Meredith's, just because a fowl of this species is carolling in the blue, above the links. You cannot play golf on these terms. Ask H. C. S. E., as he "approaches," who it is that compares a lark's song to the ring of a golden jewel down a golden stair, and he will be callously indifferent. Interrupt Auchterlonie with a remark on John Knox (the view of the cathedral suggests the topic) and he will think you a very inconsiderate sportsman. Mental concentration—that is what golf imperatively demands. I rather think that to have no mind at all would be an advantage, and a few great players possess it.

Willie Park is not one of those enviable characters. His book is practical, clear, unaffected by tradition; in fact, Park's style (I mean as an author) has the austere charm of science. There is none of the flummery of popular science about Park. He does not believe in "slow

in some golfing newspaper, "Does a blow from a golf-ball hurt?" It does; on that point I have personal experience. Park adds to comments on play practical rules for laying out and keeping up golf-links. The English would play golf in a water-meadow rather than not play at all. This is not golf. The English are ruining the game.

Somebody tells me a story which would suit Mr. Crockett or Mr. Ian Maclaren. There was a Dissenting kirk vacant in a parish half Lowland half Highland. Either author may select any form of Dissent to which, personally, he is not partial. The Highlanders wanted a Highland, the Lowlanders a Lowland, parson. The crafty Sassenach succeeded in dividing the magnanimous Celts and got in their man. Then the Gael were filled with unavailing regrets and remonstrances, but nothing could be done. They determined *Acheronta movere*: they made *corp chrees*, clay figures, of all their opponents, and buried them in the bed of a burn. Two of the doomed foe died within the year; the truth leaked out, and pray observe the rather shallow effect which Christianity has had on the Celtic character! To murder, by magic, about a minister—is it not characteristic? Mr. Neil Munro may like the theme, but humour is not his forte in his charming and original volume of tales "The Lost Pibroch" (Blackwood). There is a good book for the proper reader.

Surgeon-Captain O. D. Hunter.

Major C. G. Martyn. Major F. H. Wingate.

Major J. G. Maxwell.

Captain J. K. Watson.



The Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener.

Colonel H. M. Buxton.

Captain W. H. Dwyer.

Lieutenant G. F. Goringe.

Slatin Pasha.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—A COUNCIL AT HEADQUARTERS, WADY HALFA: CAPTAIN WATSON REPORTING THE DISCOVERY OF DERVISH TRACKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Sappington Wright.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Balzac, than whom there was no greater master of fiction, and who, therefore, must have had a pretty correct idea of the sources whence such fiction is drawn, averred that practically there were only seven original stories in the world. All the others were, and are, simply so many paraphrases and adaptations of these originals.

Those who know part or the whole of these seven stories—that is, the great philologists—have more than once confirmed the famous French novelist's statement. And even the less learned cannot fail to be struck now and then by the remarkable likeness between certain historical scenes which the student and writer store for illustration and reference.

Marshal MacMahon, the brave, honest, and absolutely truthful soldier, was neither a witty nor a deeply read man. There is, I believe, recorded of him one pun, in connection with the prefix "O," which a few members of the Irish deputation that presented him with a sword of honour in 1859 may remember. The rest of his life and career, from an epigrammatic point of view, is a blank. Nor did he ever say any remarkable things in ordinary conversation, for he was rather taciturn than otherwise.

But there is one sentence which will preserve his memory from oblivion—namely, the few words he spoke on Sept. 8, 1856, when he sealed the Malakoff, and succeeded in planting the French flag on its breastwork: "I am here, and I mean to stick here."

And lo and behold! M. Germain de Bapst, connected with the *Journal des Débats*, or at any rate with the Berlin family, has, no doubt with the best intentions, called in question the right of the dead soldier to this very simple but heroic sentence. Luckily for the latter, another soldier, whose veracity is beyond dispute—i.e., General Sir Michael Biddulph—has settled the matter once for all. "I was on my way," he writes, or words to that effect, "to the front when I witnessed the retreat of the English troops from the Redan and the rush of the French into the Malakoff. Making my way in the latter direction I climbed over the parapet of the work and came upon MacMahon standing cool and collected on the *banquette* amidst the hideous din and carnage, and directing his men. I approached him and asked if I could take any message to General Simpson. Returning my salute and waving his hand towards the valley below, MacMahon replied: 'Tout va bien; vous pouvez faire savoir que j'y suis et que j'y reste.'"

I am sincerely glad that the gallant keeper of her Majesty's regalia has made the task of MacMahon's future historian easy in this respect. Ever since the fall of the Empire at Sedan, Frenchmen, and especially the mercurial inhabitants of Paris, have been too much led by the nose by deceased and living bigwigs of the Third Republic in the matter of epigrammatical plumes borrowed from others. But for their too easy belief in these borrowers things might have been different. "Not a stone of our fortresses, not an inch of our territory!" exclaimed Jules Favre in 1870. Strange as it may seem, I am not speaking without authority when I say that this magnificent phrase of defiance, upon the whole so terse, contributed much to the Parisians' confidence in their self-elected leader. They had probably never heard of Carlyle's saying, "Show me how a man sings and I will tell you how he will fight." Nevertheless, these Parisians had the sentiment that a man who could utter such brave words was likely to be brave at bottom.

They were mistaken. Favre was not inherently brave; he had borrowed the line from the oath taken by the Knights Templars. Seeing this, one braver than he, and who had no need of such loans, inasmuch as he had never done anything else in his life but coin epigrams—I am alluding to Henri Rochefort—followed suit. "This is the Government of the National Defence!" he shouted. Long before it Michelet had invented the phrase when writing about the faction of the d'Armagnacs—i.e., the adherents of Count Bernard d'Armagnac, who played such an important part in the Civil Wars during the reign of Charles VI.

It would have been wonderful indeed if, after this, Gambetta, the incarnate *poseur*, though probably as capable of coining an epigram for himself as Henri Rochefort, had not claimed his share by a bit of literary pilfering. He also struck an attitude and bellowed that he had made a pact with victory or with death. It was merely the retort of Basire, a member of the Convention, to the question of Louis Sébastien Mercier, the author of "Le Tableau de Paris." When the Convention was on the point of voting the decree that the foreigner should not be treated with until he had left French soil, Mercier inquired if the Convention had made a pact with victory? "No," retorted Basire, "but we have made a pact with death."

That the poor Parisians themselves should have done a bit of pilfering in the way of an historical sentence is, then, not so surprising after all. During the siege and Commune, the least creditable among them went about bellowing that they would conquer or die, and the most gullible stood staring at them with open eyes and listening with attentive ears. Neither the listeners nor the bellowers were bound to know that this was the identical motto of Henri IV. at Argues.

I have left myself no space to discuss the ownership of what is probably the best-known sentence in contemporary history. I am alluding to the cry of Napoleon's Guard at Waterloo: "The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender!" Curiously enough, in the dispute about that ownership, MacMahon was almost the first man appealed to to set the question right. He little dreamed that his own ewe lamb in the way of epigram would be as good as denied to him! But I will give further particulars of this at the first convenient opportunity, and, if possible, will also show the real owner of Beaconsfield's "Peace with honour."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J B CRONIN (H.M.S. Anson).—Matches are usually played on club boards with squares of about two inches wide, but there is no regulation size.

H B JACKSON (Talan, Fiji).—Thanks for problem, it shall have our attention. A "cook" means another way of solving the problem besides the author's.

Mrs W J BAIRD (Brighton).—Your new composition will doubtless prove as attractive to our solvers as the one recently published, which was much admired.

THETA.—We take no notice of anonymous communications. You have, however, displayed so much diligence in going through our past problems that we think you deserve to be told your second solutions are all wrong.

EUSTACE KING (Christchurch, N.Y.).—Your problem in two moves can be solved by 1. R to K 6th (ch). The other is correct and shall appear.

R W GILES (Bath).—No. 1 is not up to our standard of a two-move problem, and No. 2 belongs to a class we never publish.

A HILL (Belfast).—We will examine the game with pleasure. The *nom de guerre* adopted by Black is, however, rather a well-known one in chess, and might be the cause of some misunderstanding.

Dr F St (Camberwell).—We cannot now verify the position, but we are pretty sure the second solution was there according to the diagram submitted. We will give the new diagram careful attention.

W S BRANCH (Cheltenham).—We are much obliged for your contributions, which we will examine with a view to publication.

J RUSSELL GUBBINS (Lima).—Many thanks for your communication. We shall give both games a careful criticism and endeavour to find room for them.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2711 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2712 from B R Khandekat (Ajmere); of No. 2714 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2715 from Evans (Port Hope) and J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2716 from Alpha; of No. 2717 from J Bailey (Newark), E G Boys (Castle Lea), Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), F W C (Edgbaston), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Oliver Icingla, Gertrude Timothy, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), M A Eyre (Folkestone), and K Stafford (Bournemouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2718 received from R H Brooks, J Coad, W H Raillem, Oliver Icingla, E G Boys, J D Tucker (Leeds), T Chown, Bluet, C E Perugini, Shadforth, F James (Wolverhampton), Frank Proctor, L Desanges, Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), Twynam (Ryde), B Copland (Chelmsford), C R H, Ubique, Dr. F St, M Rieloff (Greenwich), Alpha, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), E P Vulliamy, E Louden, J H Downs, James Lloyd, H T Atterbury, H S Brandreth, J S Wesley (Exeter), Captain Spencer, F Leete (Sudbury), W R B (Clifton), James Gamble (Belfast), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), M Burke (Plymouth), J Sowden, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), R Worters (Canterbury), Castle Lea, and W M Beaton (Southsea).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2717.—By J. F. MOON and A. C. CHALLENGER.

WHITE. 1. P to B 4th
2. R to Q 6th (ch)
3. R to Q 4th, Mate

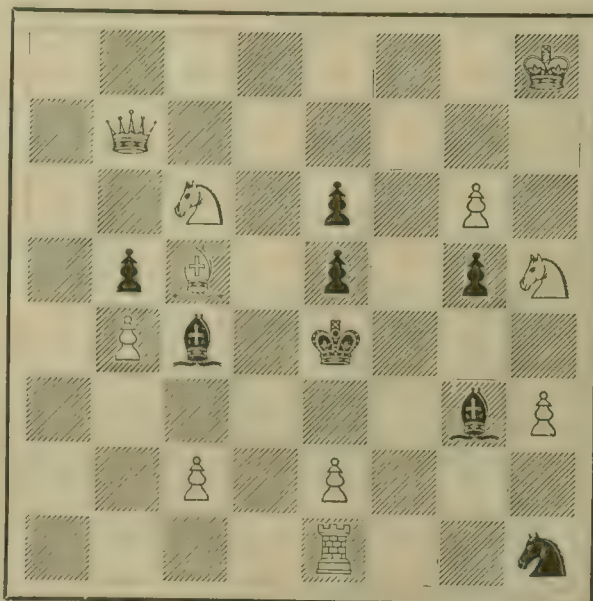
BLACK. Kt to Kt 3rd
K takes Kt

If Black play 1. Kt to B 2nd, 2. B to B 6th; if 1. B takes B, 2. R to K 5th, K to B 3rd; 3. R to B 6th, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2720

By JOSE PALUZIE (Barcelona).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the tournament at Simpson's between Messrs. F. J. LEE and R. LOMAN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Lee).	BLACK (Mr. Loman).	WHITE (Mr. Lee).	BLACK (Mr. Loman).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. Q to K sq	B to B 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	25. K to R sq	P to Q Kt 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. B to Kt 3rd	Q to R 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	27. Kt to Kt sq	Q to Kt 4th
5. P to K 3rd	P takes P	28. R to Q sq	R takes R
6. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th		
7. B takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
8. Castles	B takes P		
9. P takes P	P to K 4th		
10. B to Q 2nd	P to K 4th		
The advance of this Pawn is of questionable merit, although it temporarily cramps White's position.			
11. P to K B 3rd	P to K 5th	29. Q takes R	Kt to Kt 5th
12. Kt to K sq	Q to K 2nd	An unusual combination that loses the game. The idea is ingenious enough, and might have succeeded but for the unfortunate position of his two Bishops.	
13. Kt to K 2nd	R to Q sq	30. P takes Kt	Q to R 5th (ch)
14. Q to B 2nd	Kt to K 4th	31. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P
15. B to B 3rd	B to B 4th	32. Q to Q 5th	
If Kt takes B, B takes Kt, Q takes B, Q takes Kt, Q takes Kt P, Kt to B 2nd, with an uninteresting game that probably would end in a draw.			
16. B takes Kt	Q takes B	33. Q takes K B	Q to R 4th
17. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Q 2nd	34. P to Kt 4th	P takes Kt
18. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	A good move, giving him just the required time.	
19. Kt to B 2nd	P to K R 4th	35. Kt to K sq	Q takes P
20. K R to Q sq	Q R to Q sq	36. Kt to Kt 2nd	P to R 7th
21. R takes R	R takes R	37. Q to B 7th	Q to B 6th
22. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	38. Q takes R P	Resigns.
23. Q to B 3rd	Q to Kt 4th		

The Chess Monthly for May contains a portrait and biographical sketch of the Rev. John Owen, a worthier subject than whom it would be impossible to find in the ranks of English amateurs. In his prime he was the peer of the foremost; and to-day, nearly forty years from the date he first distinguished himself, he still holds the field as a veteran whom few can equal and none master.

The following problem by Mr. A. G. Fellows was awarded first prize in the tournament of the *Weekly Irish Times*—

White: K at Q B 3rd, Q at Q Kt sq, R at Q R 6th, Kt at K 4th and K B 4th, B at K 7th, P at K 6th.

Black: K at K 4th, Q at K Kt 4th, Kt at K R 2nd, P at K Kt 6th and K R 5th. White to play and mate in two moves.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The calculation of the relative powers and strength of insect life has always formed a favourite subject of zoological remark. The muscularity of the flea, for instance, exhibited in its leaps and bounds, attains a proportionately high development; and the powers of some beetles, considered relatively to their size, would outrival those of the elephant. In connection with this topic, I have been deeply interested by the perusal of an account of the strength of certain Florida ants, given by Mr. N. Robinson in a recent issue of a scientific journal. The insects in question rejoice in the popular name of "racehorse ants," each averaging about one-eighth of an inch in length. One hundred and sixty-two ants are required to make up one grain weight. Mr. Robinson watched the proceedings of these insects in connection with the dead body of a chameleon (*Anolis*) which they desired to confiscate and annex for purposes of their own. They succeeded in pushing it towards the edge of a chair-seat on which the dead lizard was lying. The lizard weighed exactly nineteen hundred and ninety-one times the weight of the ants. Mr. Robinson puts it that the moving of the chameleon by the ants was "as though a score of men should be caught picking up a big church and walking off with it, or half-a-dozen fishermen should shoulder a whale and carry it to market!"

Apparently there was no concerted plan of action involved in the work of the ants at first, until about thirty of them fixed on the tail of the lizard. The tail was readily swung round, and gave them, in fact, a kind of leverage, the value of which they were not slow to appreciate. By swinging the tail of the lizard, the ants accomplished what they could not have attained by directly pushing or pulling at the body. Further, the work was not accomplished by any regular action. It was noted that the ants each pushed or tugged spasmodically, as it were, for two or three seconds, and then scampered off to join the crowd. Mr. Robinson thinks that possibly the muscular activity they exhibited was too intense for prolonged exertion. The calculation of the force exerted by each ant is interesting. If forty ants were at work at one time (this being a fair estimate), and if their force was evenly distributed, then each ant, contributing one-fortieth part of the work in moving the chameleon, moved about fifty times (or exactly 49.75) its own weight. Comparing this with human efforts, and supposing a man weighs 150 lb., then, to perform work equal to that of the ant, the human being would require to move three tons and three quarters. It is evident our strong men are relatively far behind the ants in respect of their powers.

If it be true that tattooing is not unknown in fashionable circles as a "fashion," its devotees may well consider seriously the remark of Professor Lombroso (noted for his researches in criminal anthropology) that to use the skin as a surface for "artistic" effects is really an evidence of degeneration and of approximation to the savage state. He proves that the custom of tattooing is held in high repute amongst criminals. Among 2739 soldiers tattooing was found in only 1.2 per cent., and was limited to the arms and breast. Among 5348 criminals, 667 were tattooed, or 10 per cent. of the adults and 3.9 per cent. of the minors. The criminal's idea of tattooing appears to be related to his notions of vengeance. The tattooed devices often refer to revenge, while occasionally they may refer to membership of criminal societies. It cannot be flattering to the most recent devotees of the tattooing fashion to find themselves classed by sociologists with barbarians and criminals.

I observe that Miss E. A. Ormerod gives a very telling instance of that interdependence of different living things which Darwin illustrated so aptly when he showed the utter dependence of red clover upon bumble-bees for its fertilisation. It seems that water-cress is eaten by caddis-worms, while in turn caddis-worms are eaten by trout. The trout fall victims to herons. So that whatever agencies tend to preserve trout must favour the growth of the water-cress. Conversely, when the herons abound and devour the trout, the balance of things is disturbed, and the caddis-worms are allowed to work their will unchecked on the plants. Miss Ormerod tells us that a large portion of a crop of water-cress was injured by the attack of this insect-larva, which flourished in the absence of their trout-enemies, the fish having been eaten by herons.

The relative healthiness of back-to-back houses as compared with that of through houses has formed the subject of a good deal of sanitary discussion, the general result arrived at being that the former class of dwellings, with limited ventilation and other insanitary disadvantages, were far more unhealthy than through houses with more space around them and with better ventilation. Recently Dr. Evans, of Bradford, as the result of an investigation, gave the following interesting particulars concerning the relative mortality of these dwellings when compared with that of better-constructed houses. It seems that in Bradford, of a total of 45,000 houses, 20,000 are of the back-to-back description. In the borough, the mean death-rate for 1890-92 was 21.12 from all causes; from consumption 1.853, and from diarrhoea 0.540 per 1000.

Taking 619 back-to-back houses (built continuously) there was found in them a population of 2728 persons, an average number of 4.4 persons per house, an average area of 98.6 square yards to each house, an average of 24.2 houses to the acre, and a weekly rent (including rates) of 4s. 6d. to 5s. 9d. In these houses the death-rate per 1000 from all causes was 17.7, and the death-rate from consumption 2.41, that from diarrhoea not being given. Comparing these figures with those obtained from the "through" houses, Dr. Evans found that in 751 houses, with a population of 4002 persons and an average of 5.3 persons per house, the average square yards to each house numbered 116.6, and an average of 22.0 houses to the acre; the weekly rent varying from 6s. to 7s. 6d. In these through houses the death-rate from all causes was 15.1; from consumption 1.39, and from diarrhoea 0.39. The superiority of through houses is again shown us by the comparison thus made.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: HUMOURS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE LATE MR. ALFRED HUNT.

Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, R.W.S., whose death occurred very unexpectedly on Sunday, May 3, was born at Liverpool in 1831, and, after passing some time at the Collegiate School there, went to Oxford as Scholar at Corpus Christi College, where, in 1852, he graduated with a Second Class in Classics, and in the following year was elected a Fellow. Meanwhile, he had gained the Newdigate prize for English verse. Before going to the University he had already exhibited at the Old Water-Colour Society as early as 1846; but it was not until 1854 that he first sent to the Royal Academy. In 1856 his works attracted the notice of Mr. Ruskin, and subsequently the treatment of his pictures by the Academy called forth the animadversion of the great art critic in terms which unfavourably affected Mr. Alfred Hunt's chances of recognition by that body. He was, however, elected an Associate of the Water-Colour Society in 1862, and although he continued to paint at times in oils, it was especially in water-colours that he earned distinction. As a follower of Turner, he combined fidelity of scene with a grace of imagination unsurpassed by his contemporaries. Latterly his delicate renderings of atmosphere have been amongst the most attractive features of the exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, of which he became a full member in 1864, and for several years was its vice-president. His favourite sketching grounds in recent years were on the north-east coast of England, from Robin Hood's Bay and Whitby as far north as Holy Island—a long line of coast where the summer sun plays fantastically on the sea-fret. His earlier reputation was won in Wales, and it was his oil picture "The Stream from Llyn Idwal," exhibited in 1856, which Ruskin described as "the best picture I have seen in the exhibition for many a day—uniting most subtle finish and watchfulness of nature with real power of composition." Mr. Alfred Hunt personally was the most unworldly of men, and wholly ungifted with those qualities of self-assertion which play so important a part in worldly success. He lived in his art and for it, and, ever prompt to recognise the merits of others, especially of younger men, he was ready at all times to help them with friendly counsel and advice. His wife, a daughter of Canon Raine, of Durham, is the author of several novels which had considerable vogue, and the joint editor of the most learned edition of "Grimm's Tales." His daughter, Miss Violet Hunt, author of "The Maiden's Progress" and "A Hard Woman," has achieved success in more than one branch of literary work, and holds a high place among the more sparkling writers of the day.



THE LATE MR. ALFRED W. HUNT.

THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The apprehensions which were entertained by many students of Persian politics as to probable disputes concerning the succession to the throne after the assassination of the late Shah have, fortunately, not been realised. The late Shah's second son, Muzafer-ed-Din, long recognised as "Vali-Ahd," or heir-apparent, was enthroned immediately after his father's death amid signs of general satisfaction, and no rival claim to the supreme authority has been put forward. On the contrary, the new Shah's elder brother, Prince Zil-es-Sultan, at once forwarded his submission, and took strong measures to check disturbances at Ispahan. There have been several outbreaks of lawlessness, but these have been unconnected with any question as to the succession. There is a great scarcity of bread at Shiraz, and riots have been the result of general depression. Several leading agitators have been executed by the Governor's orders. Bands of nomad robbers have also seized the opportunity for anarchy, and have made savage raids upon the villages near Dehbid, between Shiraz and Ispahan; but active measures are being taken by the new Shah and his father's Grand Vizier, Amin-es-Sultan, to repress all disturbances. Cordial messages of goodwill have been exchanged between the new Shah and the chief European Governments. Meantime, the body of the murdered Shah has been lying in state in the palace at Teheran, where some solemn ceremony is each day performed amid lamentations and many sombre expressions of woe.

On another page we give sundry illustrations of the late Shah's surroundings at his Court at Teheran, including views of the palace, the royal harem, and the famous jewelled throne of Akbar, taken to Teheran from Delhi. The splendour of this most regal seat may be imagined from the fact that the diamonds and other precious stones with which its entire shape is encrusted have been valued at four millions sterling. We also reproduce a group photographed at the garden-party given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury at Hatfield House in honour of the late Shah during his last visit to England in 1889. Besides the Shah and his Prime Minister and their host and hostess, the group includes the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duc d'Aumale, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff (at that time British Consul-General at Teheran), and most of the foreign Ambassadors resident in England. It was on this occasion that his Majesty caused some alarm by his desire to emulate the skill of a man who shot corks off a lady's head in the course of the programme provided for his amusement.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA: GROUP TAKEN AT THE GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN AT HATFIELD HOUSE IN 1889.

From a Photograph by Dyne and Co., Richmond.

JOHANNESBURG ITSELF AGAIN.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I want to go on talking about brides. I seem to be in perpetual communication with such martyrs, and in their various requirements there is food for reflection, to say nothing of "copy." Their *lingerie* is a matter requiring a considerable amount of thought, and the best advice which can be offered would certainly lead to the selection

tea-gown, which may be allowed to serve as a dinner dress. Oh! what a tangled web of wants we weave when first we practise to deceive ourselves into a belief that matrimony is a desirable goal! I confess I should find it perfectly impossible to provide myself with an adequate trousseau under some four or five hundred pounds; but then I suppose I must confess it cannot be written of me that I "want but little here below." But from the summit of my desires to decline upon a lower range of fancy, and contemplate the immortal charms of the coat and skirt.

A thick dark-red serge have I seen made in this fashion, with small revers and collar outlined with a white braid half an inch wide, headed by a narrow white braid, the basque of the coat cut into little tabs again bordered with braid, belted with white suede and showing a shirt-front of soft white crêpe-de-chine, with double frills of the same, edged with lace falling from neck to waist. The skirt, which was, of course, of the dark-red serge, showed a border of the white braid in two widths, and it was lined with a red and white checked silk; a very effective lining this was, too, and one which would possibly keep clean for some time, a virtue desired of all good linings. The costume should properly be completed with one of the new dark-red hats, trimmed with crimson and pink roses, these set up osprey-fashion at one side. And talking of hats reminds me of the newest shape which is very popular in Paris. It boasts a curved brim and a somewhat high crown, a variety of our old friend the boat shape, indeed, which is worn right down on the eyebrows, trimmed with a scarf of tulle, net, gauze, or lace, with a large bunch of flowers catching the brim up at one side, and waving, perhaps, a few buds on the top. The adjustment of these hats should be studied with great care, for unless they are exactly at the proper angle they lose their every charm.

The hair is now done up very high on the head at the back, still setting out somewhat loosely from the roots and displaying the tortoiseshell comb on either side. On the whole we are prepared to permit our coiffure rather a higher place on our heads than has been the fashion recently. The newest style cannot be voted distinctly Empire, for we continue to set it out at the sides, yet it savours somewhat of that period in outline, and the wealthy decorate it with gorgeous jewels. The prettiest form of ornament is a jewelled wing, two of these being used with charming effect; made entirely of diamonds they are extremely becoming. But then diamonds always are becoming; this is, alas! their fatal fascination, which induces women to their acquirement much more surely than their intrinsic value, woman not being a mercenary animal, but merely a vain one.

But to my Illustrations this week. The one shows a dress with a curious *pèlerine* of old-fashioned outline made of white lace edged with double frills of black accordion-kilted chiffon; this suggests itself as appropriate to the matron. The other gown has a little zouave jacket cut up at each side of the bust, made of Florentine lace lined with black silk and hemmed with black silk. The dress is made of mastic-tinted faced cloth, and the buttons are miniatures set round in diamonds—of the strictly Parisian order, of course.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Mr. Walter McLaren writes to point out that Mr. Balfour has put a premium on Obstruction of the Rating Bill by declaring that if it has not passed a certain stage on May 20 he will not give up that afternoon to the Woman's Suffrage Bill. Mr. McLaren drily observes that as Mr. Labouchere is opposed to the Women's Franchise, there will be little chance of the Rating Bill getting through before the date named.

Miss May Abraham, who has been for some time senior lady factory inspector, has just been appointed superintendent inspector, and almost at the same time her engagement to Mr. Tennant, M.P., the brother of Mrs. Asquith, is announced. As he is a rich man, the question is interesting whether Miss Abraham will long continue to fulfil her new office. Her work is an important one, but she may modestly declare that there are others who can take her place. She began her work as private secretary to Lady Dilke immediately after leaving school; in 1891 she became an assistant labour commissioner, and in 1893 Mr. Asquith appointed her a factory inspector. She recently published an able book on the new factory laws.

I have just been reading with an astonishment and disgust that almost rise to speechlessness the so-called "Life of Dr. Anna Kingsford." It is indeed "save me from my friend" in the matter of biography. Forster, as we know, appeared in the Life of Dickens as the only intimate friend of the famous novelist; and Froude, in his own biography of Carlyle, seemed to be the one person whom Carlyle never hated and decried. But these biographers were men of some consequence themselves; their personality was not unimportant. It is different when about three-fourths of the so-called biography of Mrs. Kingsford is found to be occupied with an autobiography of Mr. Edward Maitland, and a considerable portion of that to consist of the chatterings of the spiritualistic media whom he was wont to pay to talk twaddle to him about himself. Summary skipping carries one over pages of this stuff at a leap, but still a vast deal of rubbish remains in the shape of the hysterical vapourings that are here described as Mrs. Kingsford's "illuminations." The claim for these is that they were nothing less than the revelation of a new gospel. Considering how bright an intelligence Mrs. Kingsford really possessed, and remembering that she was a Doctor of Medicine of Paris—a degree that stands second to none in the world for the scientific acquirements that it implies—it is amazing that she could have ever allowed this stuff to be given to the world.

Blasphemous stuff it must seem to most readers, for there is so utter a lack of originality in it that the Greek gods are revived to serve as its "inspirers," and

Aphrodite, and Hermes, and others of their ilk stalk through the scene as living realities—dressing themselves up and cracking jokes too; while the Bible is made to serve as the peg on which to hang "interpretations," whereby ancient mythology, Hindoo superstitions, and modern spiritualism are combined into a queer sort of amalgam that is labelled "religion." But this twaddle Mrs. Kingsford herself must be convicted of having put forth seriously in her lifetime. The personal indiscretions of the book are Mr. Maitland's. The story of her last weeks of life is terribly painful; and no friend with a grain of judgment could have recorded the consequences to her hysterical temperament of being turned back at one of her examinations.

One thing the book does not exaggerate—namely, the personal attractiveness of Mrs. Kingsford. I still think that she was "the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," as I did when she was twenty-six, and I, a girl of eighteen in my first season, made her acquaintance. She was not innocent of "make-up"; her golden hair was helped with peroxide of hydrogen, and it was from her that I learned the virtues of cold cream for the complexion. In fact, she was known to the world at large more by her advice for "spots" and recommendations of one and another toilet preparation in the columns of the *Lady's Pictorial* than in any higher capacity. But there was a natural beauty and charm to start with in her own case that cannot be simulated. Her extraordinary beauty and fascination for the other sex made the serious leaders of the early "woman's movement" much afraid of her collaboration, and I was once urged to "use my influence" to persuade her to abandon medical study. I declined, not only on the ground that it would certainly be an impertinence and probably an ineffectual one, but also because I thought that any drawbacks in her personality to her work were more than counterbalanced by the showing that a most fascinating woman might have both the brains and the inclination for such serious studies. Hers was an original and powerful individuality. I wish this damaging book about her had never been written.

At Mortlock's galleries, 18, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), there is just now going on the most remarkable sale that can be imagined. The older portion of the stock, all of it of the most beautiful and good description, is being cleared off at an enormous reduction. It is the first sale in sixty years, and some of the goods have been there for a long time, but that is really a recommendation as regards both china and glass. The old glass, indeed, seems to be superior to most of the modern, both in quality and design. The extraordinary reductions, however, are directed to making a clearance without much regard to original cost. I noted two extremely pretty glass flower-holders on the five-shilling counter still retaining their original label of twenty-five shillings; and all the reductions are on a



DRESS WITH PÉLERINE.

of fine linen batiste and real lace trimmings—these to be limited according to the individual purse. It is quite out of date to use calico for underclothes, the finer fabrics enjoying all the popularity. The finest of wool or silk vests, etc., are invariably worn beneath these batiste garments, and an extravagant fashion has ordered that these be trimmed round the knees and round the neck with lace insertions and edgings threaded with narrow ribbons. Such articles being finally decided upon, the next important question is corsets. For summer wear, a thin cambric, batiste, or silken gauze is the ideal material; but for the winter brocaded silk lined with silk may be adopted in preference. I beg you to observe that I am now addressing these remarks to persons of luxurious habits and persons of lengthy incomes. Silken petticoats should be bought to match the corsets, either of the same brocade or plain glacé of the most prominent tone in the pattern of the fabric used for the stays. It is a great mistake to supply yourself with one pair of stays and think that they will do good service for a year. This is a common practice which I cannot but deplore; on the ground of mere cleanliness it is essential one should have at least three pairs of corsets in wear in twelve months, and, if one choose to wear white stays, this quantity will not be found sufficient unless continual visits be paid to the cleaner. A thin white batiste stay with a silken star upon it, worn with white muslin petticoats elaborately frilled, is delightful for summer wear, and perhaps reaches the summit of desire.

After the stays and petticoats, stockings deserve thought. Some fortunate persons in this world can, I believe, wear cashmere stockings, but having personally an, alas! uncontrollable predilection towards the silken stockings with silken clocks which leads me somewhere towards bankruptcy, I can only envy these people. Tan-coloured silk stockings and black silk stockings are the most useful, and those with fanciful elaborations may be indulged in. The pair of stockings for the wedding day should be of white with insertions of real lace, and embroidered up the fronts. It seems rather needless prodigality to have stockings embroidered up to the knees, but such do exist.

It is impossible to determine how many dresses and cloaks and hats should be included in a trousseau, for practically their number is indefinable excepting by the individual who may have the good luck to wear them or the bad luck to need them.

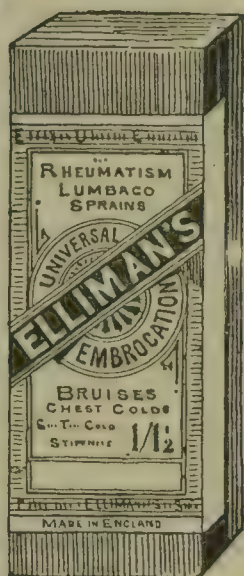
Every intending bride should recollect to supply herself with many cloaks, while the decorative possibilities of the *genus* tea-gown should not for a moment be overlooked. The dressing-gown, the bath-gown, the bed-jacket, seldom receive the attention they require, and these are the trifles which go to make the sum of a well-dressed woman's wardrobe. There are, for instance, the silken ciderdown dressing-gown for one, the bath-gown of pale pink flannel frilled with lace, the white satin dressing-jacket with insertions, the morning gown of cashmere and embroidery, to say nothing of the evening tea-gown, the afternoon tea-gown, the winter tea-gown, and the summer



DRESS WITH ZOUAVE JACKET.

similar heroic scale. There is a large table on which every article is ten shillings, and amongst them will be found three-guinea glass *épergnes* or vases; handsome china plaques originally costing a guinea unframed, and now offered at ten shillings framed; spode dishes, of large size and fine colouring, a third of their original price; Worcester figures, glass bowls for roses, and other lovely articles. There is a delightful two-shilling table, and at *sixpence* there is a perfect happy hunting ground for anybody anticipating a bazaar, hundreds of quaint little flower-vases, menu-holders, ash-trays, candle-shades, and so on, being placed for sale at that absurd price. It is a rare opportunity for anybody needing new china or glass of any sort.

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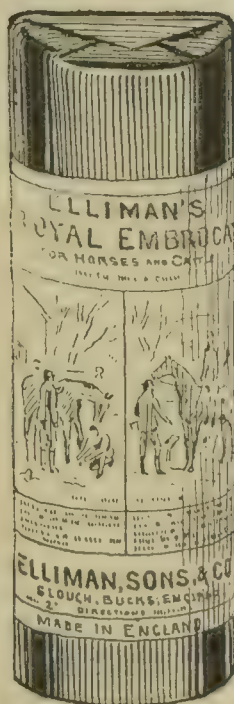
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 26, 1895) of Mr. John Thewlis Johnson, of Oak Hurst, Alderwasley, Derby, and Broughton House, Manchester; a director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and of Nettlefolds, Limited, Birmingham, who died on Jan. 15, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on April 21 by Mrs. Annie Johnson, the widow, Herbert Alfred Johnson and Ernest Johnson, the sons, and Frederick Platt-Higgins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £447,885. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, bequeaths £500 each to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, the Ancoats Hospital and Dispensary (Mill Street, Ancoats), the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary, and the Bishop of Manchester's Fund for Manchester and Salford; £2000, upon trust, to augment the stipend of the curate of St. Ann's, Ambergate; £1000 to Frederick Platt-Higgins; £1000 to Mary Helen Johnson; £1000 each to the five children of his brother James Clarkson Johnson; £2000 between certain of his employees; £100 each to his three godchildren; £1000 to his sister Hannah on her marriage; annuities of £250 each to his sisters Hannah and Edith Emily; £1000 and, during her widowhood, the use of Oak Hurst, with the household furniture and contents, and £3000 per annum, to be reduced to £500 per annum in the event of her remarriage, to his wife, Mrs. Annie Johnson; two houses and the rent charges arising out of land in Hodgson Street, Salford, to his son Herbert Alfred Johnson; his share as hereditary governor of the Manchester Royal Institution to his eldest son; and legacies to servants. He gives and devises the goodwill of his business of "Richard Johnson and Nephew," with the

machinery, plant, patents, etc.; the Bradford Ironworks; the Alderwasley Wireworks, his property and business premises in Bank Street, Lomax Street, and Lees Street, Ancoats, and Oak Hurst, with the park, lands, stables, etc. (subject to Mrs. Johnson's life interest), to such of his sons as are in business, either in partnership with him or by themselves as iron manufacturers, wire-drawers, and galvanisers, or are employed in such businesses. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 13, 1895) of Miss Eleanor Daniel, of 107, Eaton Square, who died on March 23, was proved on April 28 by General Edward Belfield, Edward Chambers, and Charles William Greenwood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,754. The testatrix gives £500 to the Deaf and Dumb Association, Oxford Street; £500 to the Society for the Welfare of the Blind, Berners Street; £500 to the Paralytic and Epileptic Asylum, Queen Square; £500 to St. George's Hospital; £250 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £500 to the Bishop of North China for the mission work of his diocese; £100 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Fulham, upon trust, for keeping in repair the memorial window to her father and family; £200 each to her executors; £1000 to the children of Thomas Daniel Belfield; £1000 to Allan Belfield; £1000 to Herbert Belfield; £1000 to the children of the Rev. Charles G. Hill; £500 to General Belfield; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one moiety thereof to her niece, Mrs. Eliza Eleanor Gurney, for life, and the income

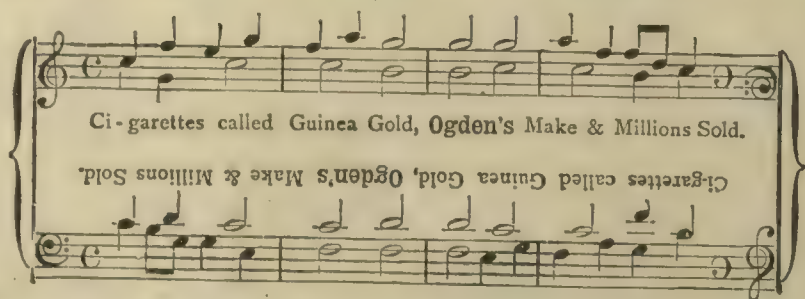
of the other moiety to Mrs. Gurney's children. On the death of Mrs. Gurney the whole of the residue is to be divided between all her children.

The will (dated March 29, 1886) of Lady Mary Jane Matheson, of 13, Cleveland Row, and Achany and The Lews, North Britain, who died on March 19, was proved on May 4 by the Rev. Edward Ayshford Sanford, and Mrs. Christina Emma Sanford, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £25,877. The testatrix gives her household furniture, jewels, carriages and horses, etc., to her sister, Mrs. Sanford; and subject thereto she leaves all her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her brother, Colonel Charles George Percival, for life, and then to her nephew, Sir Francis Denys, Bart., absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1894) of Mr. William Robert Emeris, of Louth, Lincoln, who died on March 21, was proved on May 4 by Frederick William Alington and the Rev. William Charles Emeris, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £22,174. The testator gives £100, the use during her life of his house and the contents thereof, and such a sum as, with that to be received by her under their marriage settlement, will make up £900 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Barbara Emeris; and a few other bequests. The income of the residue of his real and personal estate is to be paid to his nephew, the Rev. William Charles Emeris, during the life of his wife, and at her death he gives his residence with the furniture and effects, and all his real estate, to his said nephew; £4000 between the children of Robert Gordon and the daughter of George William Webb Gordon in equal shares; and the ultimate residue of his personal estate to

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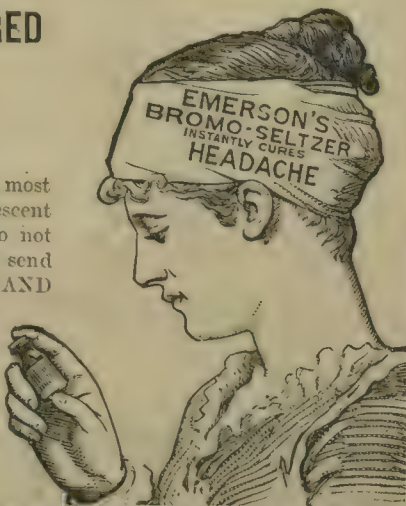
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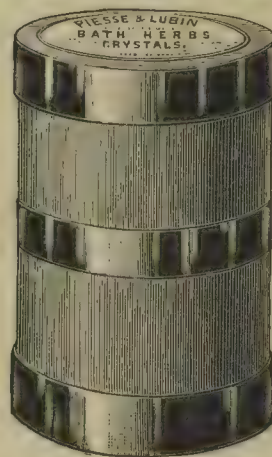
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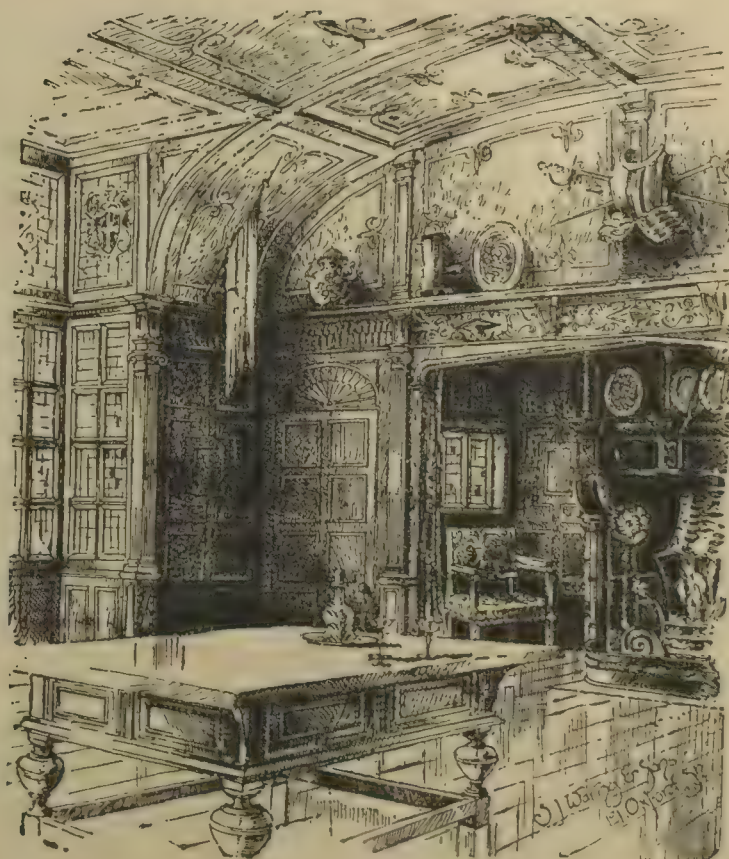
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be equally divided between the children of his late brother, the Rev. John Emeris.

The will (dated May 20, 1892) of the Hon. Sir William Stuart, K.C.M.G., C.B., of Sutton Park Cottage, Guildford, who died on April 1, was proved on May 5 by William Edward Grey and Richard Smith Mason, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,021. The testator gives £500, his household furniture and effects, and all the money in the house and at his bankers to his wife; £200 each to his executors, and £200 each to his sisters-in-law, Caroline Mostyn and Margaret Appleby. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, then as to £5000 to his niece, Lady Mary Stuart, and the ultimate residue as his wife shall by will or codicil appoint. He states that he has refrained from making any bequests to his sisters and brother, Lord Blantyre, knowing that they have no wish to benefit by his will, and that they are well convinced of his unvarying love for them, and that this paragraph of his will is to be communicated to them.

The will (dated March 4, 1893) of Mr. Hugh Montolieu Hammersley, J.P., D.L., of Ridgeway, Lymington, Southampton, who died on March 11, was proved on April 28 by Arthur Charles Hammersley and James Van Sommer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,889. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, and during her life, the use of his pictures

and plate, to his wife; and two portraits of his father and grandfather, and a bust of Apollo, brought from Rome, to Arthur Charles Hammersley. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, then for his daughter, Mrs. Constance Maria Stopford, for her life, and at her death as she shall by will or codicil appoint.

The will of Mr. Edward Caryl Fleetwood, of 2, Paragon Parade, Cheltenham, who died on Feb. 23, was proved at the Gloucester District Registry on April 4 by William Frederick Dickinson, Rowland Ticehurst, and Frederic Ticehurst, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,793.

The will and two codicils of Mrs. Georgina Frances Maurice, widow of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, of 92, Philbeach Gardens, and formerly of 27, Blandford Square, who died on March 15, were proved on May 2 by Richard Buckley Litchfield, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7932.

The will of Mr. Roberts Cocks, of Dunham Massey Lodge, Cheshire, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on April 22 by Mrs. Gertrude Helen Cocks, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £10,329.

The will of Mr. Richard Rogers Coxwell-Rogers, D.L., J.P., F.S.A., of Dowdeswell Court, Andoversford, Gloucester, who died on Dec. 31, has been proved at the

Gloucester District Registry by Lieutenant-Colonel George Edward Beale Browne and John Pleydell Wilton Haines, the surviving executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £1279.

The will of General Sir Alfred William Lucas, K.C.B., J.P., of Dunmore, Shaldon, Devon, who died on Feb. 19, was proved at the Exeter District Registry on April 14 by Dame Florence Emma Lucas, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate being £1742.

The will of Mr. Clervaux Darley Chaytor, J.P., D.L., of Spennithorne Hall, Spennithorne, York, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on April 15 at the District Registry, York, by Mrs. Frances Louisa Chaytor, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate being £610.

EASTBOURNE CARNIVAL WEEK: MONDAY, MAY 18, TO SATURDAY, MAY 23, INCLUSIVE.—Grand Concert, Gymkana, Battle of Flowers and Confetti, Cyclists' Procession and Carnival, Athletic Sports and Cricket Match, Australians v. South of England. The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that they have arranged to issue special cheap season tickets from London to Eastbourne, available for the week; they are also issuing, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 15, 16, and 17, cheap return tickets from London to Eastbourne, available for return up to the following Saturday, May 23; and on each day of the Carnival Week they will issue by one of the morning trains from London cheap return tickets to Eastbourne, available for return the same or following day. Cheap day tickets will also be issued by certain ordinary trains from Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, East Grinstead, Lewes, Seaford, and some intermediate stations; and in addition, on the Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, special cheap trains will be run from Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, and Hastings.

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SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., are highest priced for Precious Stones, Second-Hand Jewellery, and Old Gold, having customers who prefer Second-Hand Articles. This has been a successful department with the Association for many years. Any thing sent to them receives attention by return of post.



Let us have together for our mutual profit.

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Three-row Diamond New Moon Brooch, £10 10s.

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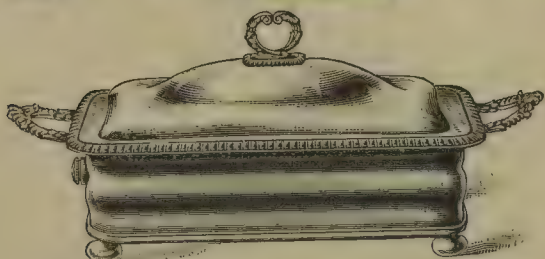
THE CHIEFS OF BECHUANALAND.

In speaking of his trip to England last Autumn, Khama is reported to have said that, next to his visit to her Majesty at Windsor, he was most impressed by the Money in the Bank of England, the Lord Mayor's Show, and the Handsome Pictures hung up in the Streets of London.

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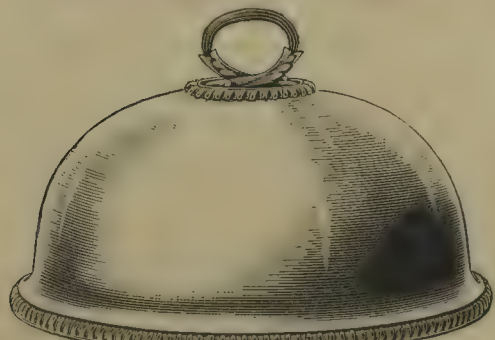
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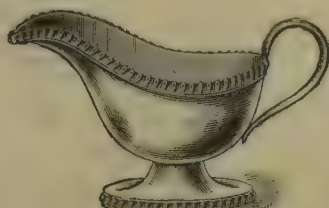


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ART NOTES.

The Old Water-Colour Society exhibition maintains the reputation for delicate and careful work won for it by successive generations of artists since its foundation. Its members, satisfied with the reputation they have achieved, seldom attempt to make excursions into new realms, although they do not obstinately oppose the introduction of new ways of work. It is sufficient to point to the position now occupied by Mr. Alfred Goodwin, Mr. Matthew Hale, Mr. George Clausen, and Mr. Robert W. Allan to see that, provided the technical work is masterful, each painter is left free to work out his own thought. The result is that among the two hundred drawings hung on the walls, there are scarcely more than a score which have not some sort of merit. That all are not equally attractive to the eyes of those trained according to the modern canons of taste goes without saying; but that there are few pictures which will not find some admirers is equally true. Mr. Abbey's quaintly humorous old-world study "An Attention" (96), Mr. J. R. Weguelin's fanciful "Racing Nymphs" (50), a submarine study of colour, Miss Clara Montalba's "Fishing Boats" (187) in a golden haze, and Mr. C. B. Phillip's "Braes of Glen Falloch" (157), broadly painted with a fine contrast of bright sunlight and deep shadow, have nothing in common except the admirable manner in which each artist has handled his subject. Professor Herkomer's "Rift in the Clouds" (23) suggests that

that versatile artist, not content with his long list of triumphs, wishes to try his hand on devotional pictures. With its sentiment we have no concern; but from an artistic point many will prefer Mr. M. Hale's "Twilight" (35) or Mr. R. W. Allan's "When the Sun Goes Down" (169). Other works which deserve to be specially noticed are Mr. W. Eyre Walker's "Rising Mists" (140), Mr. R. Thorne Waite's "In the North Country" (122), Mr. J. W. North's "Early Springtime" (129), Mr. Thomas Rooke's "The Man Born to be a King" (172), Miss Mildred Butler's "Loiterers" (181), Miss Constance Phillott's pretty conceit of "The Green Ivy and the Red Wallflower" (79), and Miss Rose Barton's "Sunbeams" (41), together with the three small but exquisite specimens of Mr. Albert Goodwin's varied styles: "Wells" (219), "Benares" (225), and "The Sole Survivors" (223)—the last showing him as a successful marine painter with a fine sense of after-storm effects.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets to the seaside issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 22, 23, and 24, will be extended to Wednesday, May 27.

Special Friday, Saturday and Sunday to Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Saturday, May 23, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from

London by the special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 21 to 25, inclusive.

Cheap return tickets to Caen, for Normandy and Brittany, will also be issued from London on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 21, 22, and 23, by the direct route via Newhaven and Ouistreham.

Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

On Whit Sunday and Monday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace for the special holiday entertainments on Whit Monday, Tuesday, and following days, returning in the evening at frequent intervals.

On Whit Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 20 to 23, for the sale of the special cheap tickets, and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the Company's City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East; and Hays' Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 33, Piccadilly, 13, Cockspur Street, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road (St. Pancras Station); Gaze's Offices, 142, Strand, 18, Westbourne Grove, 4, Northumberland Avenue, and Piccadilly Circus; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; Jakins' Offices, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; Swan and Leach's Offices, 3, Charing Cross, and 32, Piccadilly Circus; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster, and the Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street, and Bedford Street, Strand.

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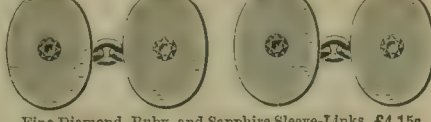


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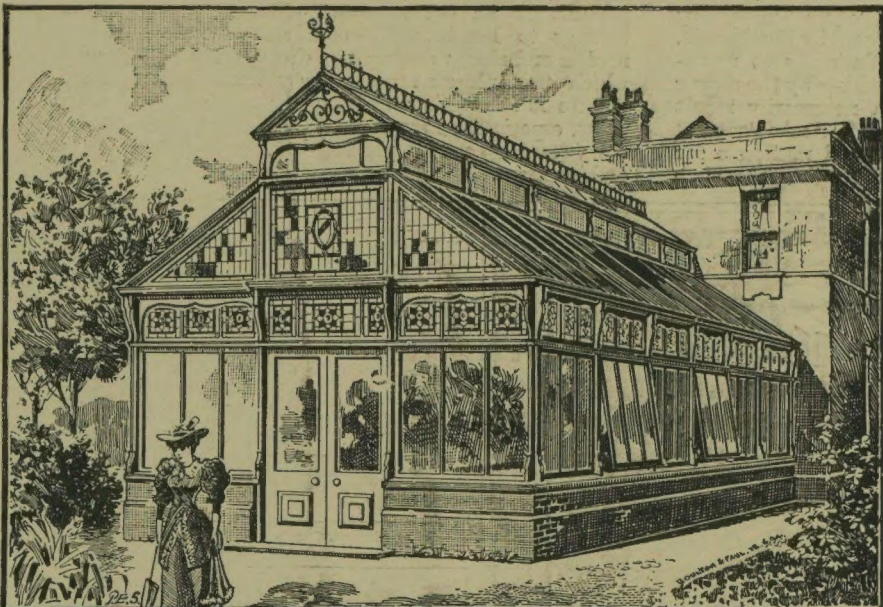
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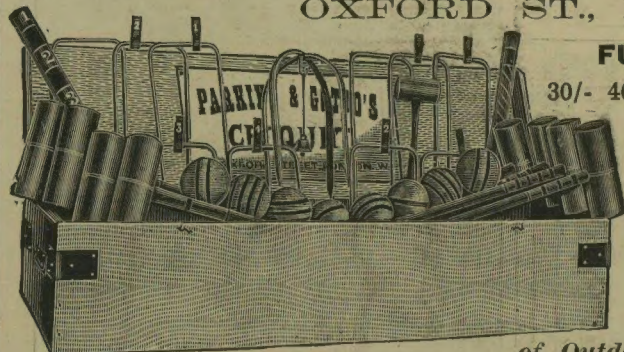
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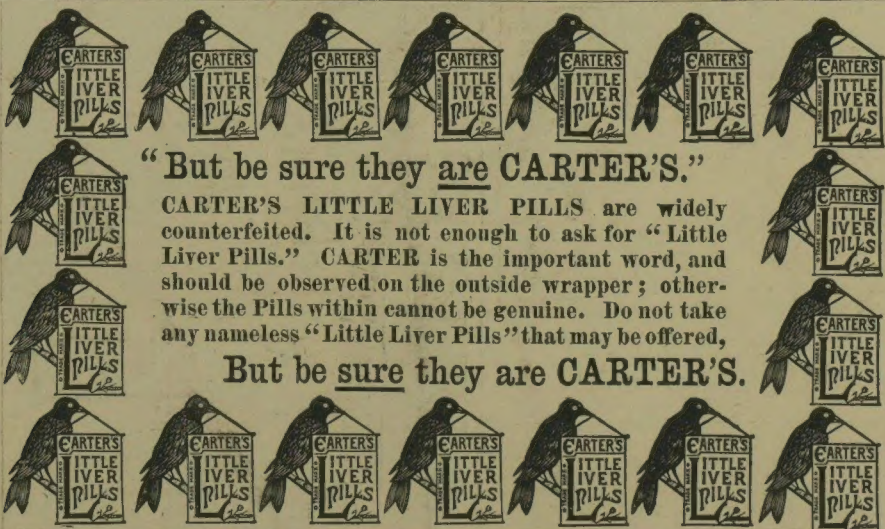
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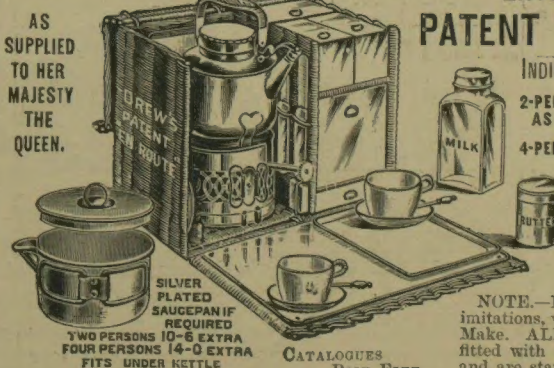
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The experiment of opening the National Gallery to the public on Sunday was made for the first time on May 3, and was more than justified by its results. Between the appointed hours of three and six o'clock in the afternoon the galleries were thronged by an interested crowd, no fewer than three thousand persons availing themselves of the opportunity afforded. Whether public interest will sufficiently encourage the opening of the Gallery on Sundays as a permanent custom remains to be seen, but the attempt to provide intellectual recreation for the great masses of people whose only day of relaxation is Sunday is a very laudable one. London has now three great

exhibitions open on a Sunday, the other two being the South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums.

Herr Franz Hanfstaengl has been well advised to inaugurate his series of photogravures of the masterpieces in the National Gallery by three such characteristic works as "The Ambassadors," by Holbein, "The Tailor," by Moroni, and "The Head of an Old Woman" by Rembrandt. All these pictures lend themselves admirably to reproduction in black and white, and lose nothing by the strong contrasts of light and shadow which necessarily result from this kind of treatment. Holbein's "Ambassadors," whatever its artistic merits, has furnished materials for endless literary controversy, and although the characters

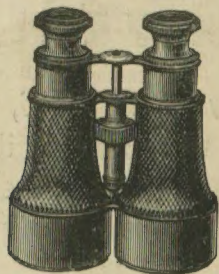
have now been satisfactorily identified, there is, as yet, no trustworthy explanation of the mysterious emblem or object in the foreground. Moroni's "Tailor," with his shears in his hand, is one of the earlier purchases for the National Gallery, having been bought in Italy in 1862 for £320, about a tenth part of what it would fetch to-day. The portrait of an old woman, in her ruff and wrinkles, belongs to Rembrandt's earlier style, when he found models and sitters among members of his own family, of which this pleasant *wrouw* may have been one. The picture is interesting as showing the painter's starting point, especially as the National Gallery possesses another old woman's portrait, painted by Rembrandt at the close of his career.

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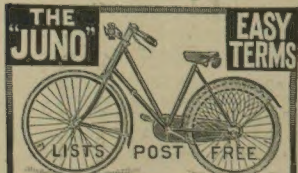
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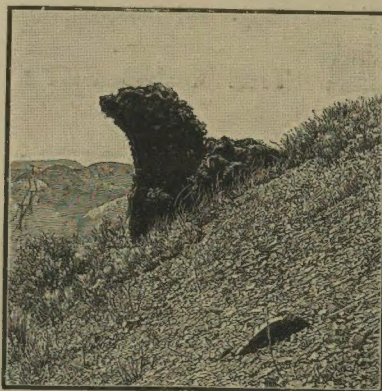
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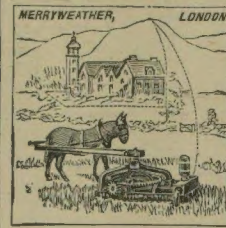
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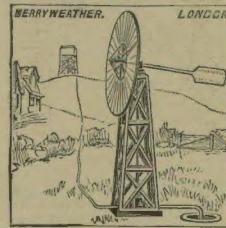
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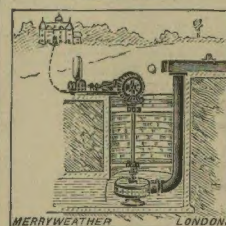
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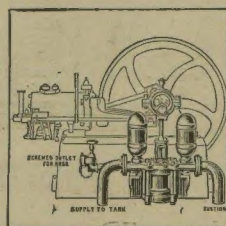
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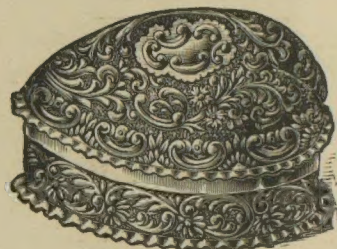
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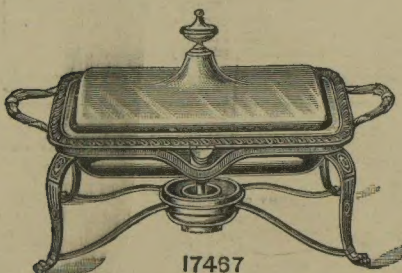
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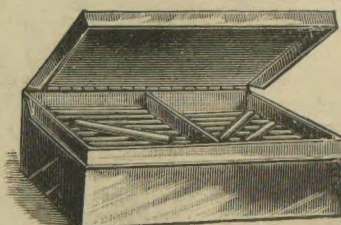
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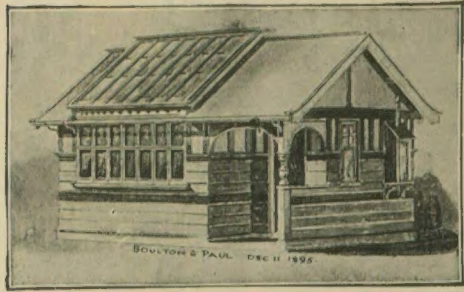
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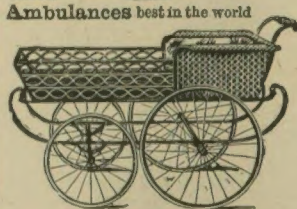
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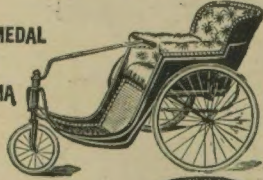
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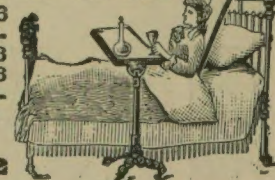


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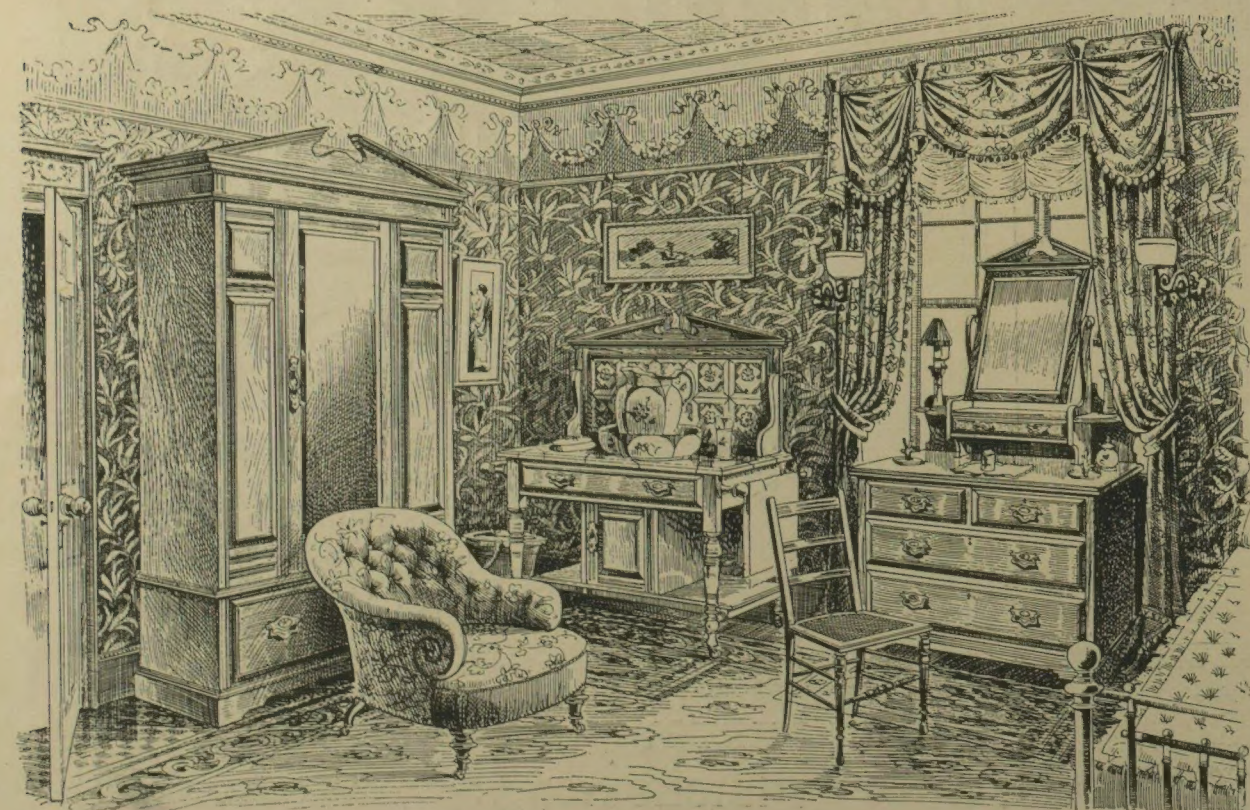
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